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A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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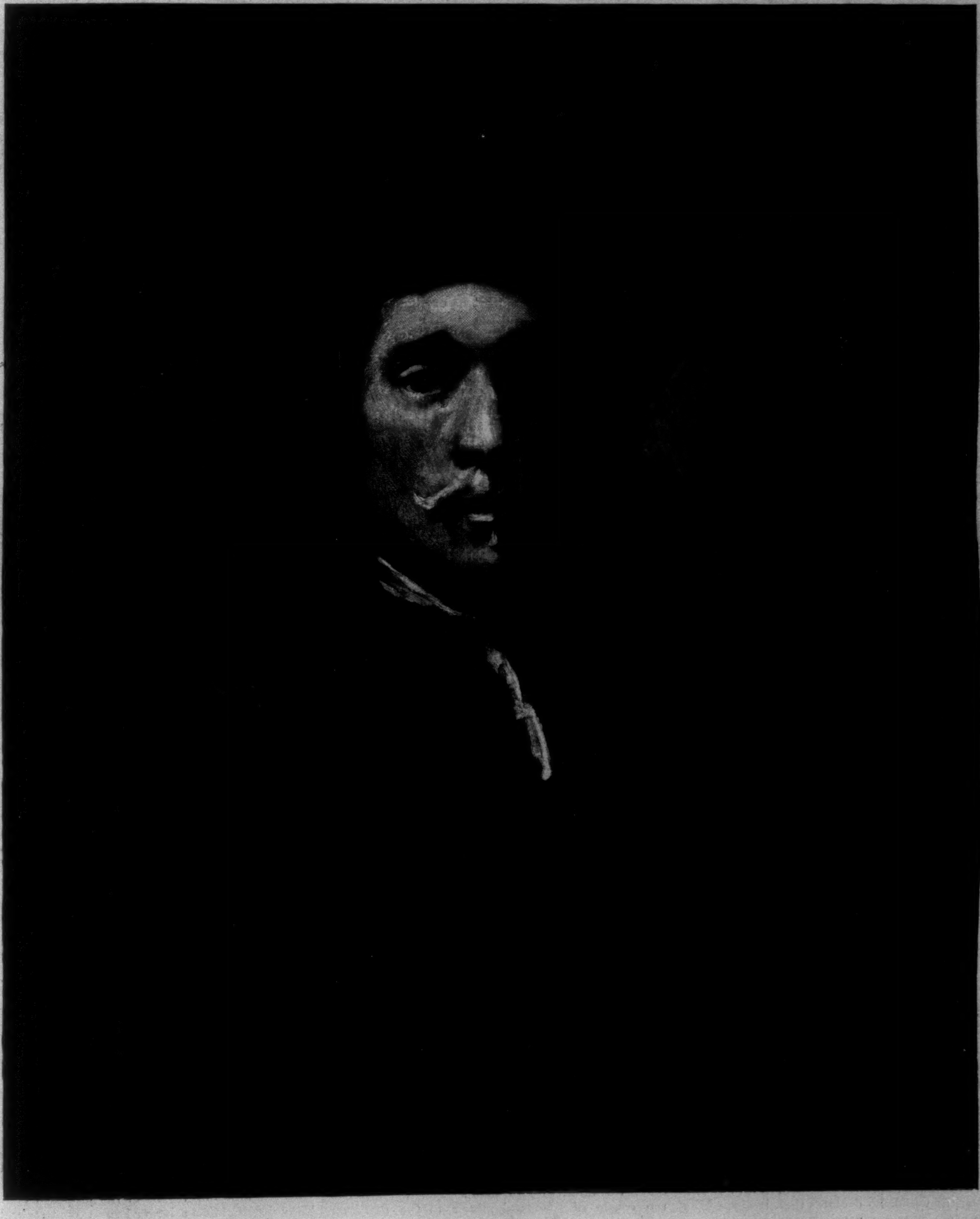

"L'HOMME AU BÂTON."

Engraved by Ch. Baude after the Painting by Rembrandt in the Louvre, Paris.

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

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ALTON B. PARKER has been nominated for Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals by the New York regular Democratic State Committee. The committee displayed a wholesome fear of Bryanism, and, despite the vociferous threats of silver Democrats, said nothing about him or his platform.

Mr. Stewart L. Woodford presented his credentials as Minister to Spain to the Queen Regent on September 13. There was no jingoism in his speech, but there was a good deal of pathos in the prayer of the Queen to Mr. Hannis Taylor, the retiring minister, to promote friendship for Spain in the United States. We are assured, however, on the most doubtful authority possible, that Mr. Woodford is charged with the duty of telling Spain that the war in Cuba must cease at once.

A mob of murderers of the kind known as "outraged citizens" broke into the jail at Versailles, Indiana, on the 15th, and taking five men, accused of robbery, from the possession of the law, killed them by hanging. The excuse given for the commission of this crime is that the victims were suspected of being concerned in robberies that have been frequent of late in the neighborhood of Versailles. Nothing, however, had been proved against the men. It is said that barbarism is so strongly entrenched in Indiana that no jury can be obtained that will convict the murderers.

Yellow fever has made its appearance on the Gulf. It first broke out at Ocean Springs, Mississippi, where it prevailed for some time under the appearance of, or alongside of, a harmless local fever known as dengue. When the fact was made certain, however, that yellow fever existed, the United States Marine Hospital service was called on. Last week several cases of the disease were reported at New Orleans, and one or two cases at Mobile, Alabama, and at Jackson, Mississippi. The three States, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Alabama, are quarantined against one another.

President Faure has returned to Paris, after his visit to Russia, amid the shouts of the joyous Parisians, who will with equal readiness tumble him into the Seine if the Russian treaty should result in a disappointment. The German Emperor's previous visit induces English writers on international policy to fear that there is a movement on foot to unite Russia, France, and Germany against Great Britain. Royalty is very busy in entertainment, and the visits that are going on are certainly more than the "decorative element in diplomacy" which Bismarck called them. Humbert and William have been to Austria, and the Dreibund seems safe for a time.

The Dingley law is fruitful in breeding enmities against the government. The tax on clothing, the product of which Mr. Dingley fatuously estimated at $10,000,000 a year, will bring not much more than $500,000; and to get this paltry sum Americans returning from abroad are kept on the steamship wharves for hours, while the taxes due from them on their clothing are calculated under a rule that has been revived after a slumber of fifteen years. On September 8 the passengers of the *Teutonic* were kept on the dock for four hours, and on the 11th the passengers of the *Campania*, *St. Paul*, and *Fürst Bismarck* were not released until long after midnight. Mr. Dingley is likely to find the wrath of these weightier than Mr. McKinley found that of the "shopping woman" seven years ago.

One great step has been taken during the week in the municipal campaign in Greater New York. Mr. Seth Low, having been nominated for Mayor by the Citizens' Union, has accepted, in an admirable letter, in which he declares that, if elected, he will be a non-partisan magistrate, regarding only the city's welfare, and preventing the use of the city's patronage "for the purpose of either strengthening or weakening one party or another, or any faction of any party." He is now a new kind of candidate in American politics, a candidate running on issues distinctively municipal, such as the proper method of disposing of the city's franchises, the extension of means of communication between the different parts of the enlarged city, etc. This naturally disturbs the regular party organizations.

There is a lively political war in progress in Pennsylvania which will excite the interest of the curious without arousing their sympathy for either side. The war is between Governor Hastings, who wants to succeed Senator Quay, and the Senator himself, who wants a re-election. Both men are bad products of the most thievish, if not the worst, party machine in the Union. General Frank Reeder, Secretary of the Commonwealth, is thus far the most distinguished victim of the war. He has been compelled to resign by the Governor. It is admitted on all sides that Reeder was forced out of his place because he preferred Quay to Hastings. The anti-Quay "forces" have secured the arrest of Reeder on the charge of injuring the fair name of Mr. John Wanamaker by attempting to induce him to offer a bribe to a legislator. The Governor shows his continued adherence to the policy of corruption accepted and practised by the Republicans of Pennsylvania by appointing the notorious "Dave" Martin as Reeder's successor.

SUSTAINING THE LAW.

THE highest majesty in this country is the law. In principle the law is absolute, and disobedience is hostility, sometimes treason, to the state. It is true that there are laws which it is difficult, if not impossible, to enforce, because they are opposed to public sentiment. The existence of such laws is consequently contrary to the well-being of the community, for the mere fact that they are not obeyed works injury to all laws. It is true, also, that laws are human, and therefore likely to be imperfect, but they are nevertheless the result of the best intelligence that we devote to the business of government. Their enforcement, at all events, is essential to the maintenance of the general and the local governments; and this is especially true of the laws which are made for the protection of individuals and of the community itself against acts of violence. Resistance to the law, insistence upon the superiority of individual or mob will or passion to the law, is one of the gravest crimes that can be committed. Indeed, it is the basis of all crime, and it is as much graver in a republic than is the assassination of the head of the state in a monarchy as the law itself, which is the expression of the minds of those who are both the rulers and the ruled, is of more importance than any man, whether he be king or private citizen.

This ought to be trite, but we regret to say that it is not in this country, and that the history of the summer that has just ended is filled with instances showing that the law and its administrators are treated with contempt in more than one State in the Union. The murders that have been committed by mobs, the charge of the Kentucky judge, and the criminal remarks of the Governor of West Virginia justifying an injured husband in the killing of his wife's paramour are not only sad blemishes on our civilization, but they indicate a state of the public mind which is distinctly hostile not only to the well-being but to the existence of republican institutions. The mobs that have escaped punishment, the communities that have sustained them, the newspapers that have applauded them, this disgraceful judge and this criminal Governor, have laid violent hands upon the sacred majesty of the law; and if such treasonable practices are to continue and to become universal, government must come to an end, and the order of civilization must give way to the disorder of savagery.

The weak point in the system of government where such crimes are committed is not usually in the law itself, but in its administration. The trouble is that the officers charged with the enforcement of the law dread too much the adverse sentiments of the voters to stand up against them when it is their duty to do so. The Sheriff of Luzerne County in Pennsylvania, therefore affords a striking and refreshing illustration of virtues that elsewhere have been conspicuously absent. The killing and wounding of the striking miners and their allies are most deplorable. The strikers were on their way to induce or to compel other workmen to join them. The stories as to the origin of the fatal march to the Lattimer mines are conflicting, but in considering the attitude of the sheriff and his deputies they are not controlling. Sheriff Martin thought that the men were not on a peaceful mission. He had evidence that they had prepared themselves with arms for hostile demonstrations, and that they had compelled reluctant men to join their ranks. He not only had the right, but it was his duty, to prevent the formation of a riotous mob, to disperse it after it had been formed, and to prevent at all hazards the consummation of its purpose. The final question in such a case as this is one of judgment. Did the circumstances existing at the moment of the firing by the deputies justify the officers of the law in resorting to the last extremity? And in answering this question a wide latitude must be accorded to the men on the spot, whose lives were possibly involved in the conclusion at which they might arrive. At all events, this much is true: The sheriff, as peace officer of the county, was charged with a duty which he undertook to perform, and that his performance of it was courageous will be doubted by no one who has read any of the stories of what happened, whether coming from the deputies or from the rioters.

The mob started from Hazleton to persuade the miners of Lattimer to quit their work. There was evidence that they intended to accomplish their object by violence if they could not succeed by peaceable means. They became rioters at the start by forcibly compelling men to join their ranks. In the three weeks preceding the march to Lattimer, which took place on the afternoon of September 10, the strikers, who went out originally in sympathy with some stable-boys who had a grievance against the superintendent of one of the neighborhood mines, had more than once been guilty of murderous assault. The sheriff, therefore, regarded the mob as rioters, and he warned them not to march on the highway. They left the highway, went across the fields, but entered the road again at a point which the sheriff and his deputies had reached before them, having hastened there on trolley-cars. Again the sheriff ordered the mob to stop, reading them the riot act. They refused to obey the law, and assaulted him. Thereupon the deputies fired into the crowd, killing a score of the rioters, mostly Hungarians, we are informed, and wounding many others. Whether a command to fire was given is doubtful.

The sheriff was acting in obedience to the law. The rioters were violating the law. Did the sheriff's deputies fire before it was absolutely necessary? The question is so close that the doubt must be given in favor of those who were upholding the law. The mob must show that the laws which they were breaking were too rigorously enforced; and all, including the newspapers and the clergymen, who are crying out against Sheriff Martin, who assume in advance that the officers of the law exceeded their authority, are accomplices of the mob and encouragers of riot. On the facts as they come to us from both mob and deputies, and from pretended on-lookers, Sheriff Martin and his deputies did their duty—did it promptly, efficiently, and pluckily—and therefore present a most pleasing contrast to the cowardly and perjured officers of the law who, in many of the States, have refused to do their duty, and have encouraged murder when done under the name of lynching or in defence of a husband's honor.

THE GREAT ENGLISH STRIKE.

The long-threatened strike in the English engineering trade is proving as disastrous and protracted as most people expected it to be. For over a year the employers and the Amalgamated Society of Engineers, one of the oldest, richest, and most temperate unions in the country, have been boasting of their wealth and strength, and claiming an easy victory for their respective sides in case of a serious contest. When two opposing parties are in this aggressive mood, the occurrence that actually precipitates the conflict is not of much historical importance. The immediate cause of the present dispute was the demand of the working engineers in London for an eight hours' day. Over one hundred employers agreed to the proposal. A working-day of eight hours has already been adopted in all the government spending departments and by a few private firms, in each case without diminution of output, profit, or wages. There was, therefore, nothing intrinsically unreasonable in the men's demand, and sooner than promote a conflict at a time when business was exceptionally brisk, and large orders from Japan and Russia were being booked day by day, all but three of the firms agreed to give the eight-hour scheme a trial. The three that held out probably did not concern themselves much with the faults or merits of the proposed change. They declared that a larger issue was at stake, that trades-unionism was taking the control of a business out of the employer's hands, that men were encouraged to set themselves against the introduction of new machinery and trained to check production artificially. In resisting the demands of the London workmen, they claimed, they were only contending for the reasonable freedom that every master should enjoy—to manage his own business in his own way. What they intended to fight was not the eight-hour scheme, but the tyranny of trade-unionism. The Association of Federated Employers came to the support of the three undertakings, proclaimed a lock-out, and ordered that twenty-five per cent. of the engineers in the United Kingdom should be forthwith dismissed. The Amalgamated Society of Engineers at once replied by calling out the remaining seventy-five per cent. Thus in a few days a merely nominal dispute in three London yards was converted into a national struggle, affecting nearly one hundred thousand men. That was in the early days of July. Since then the contest has gone heavily against the engineers. They called upon the Society of Boiler-makers and Ship-builders to come out and help them, but these allied trades overwhelmingly refused to do so. Business, meanwhile, came to an end, and on September 3 the employers themselves gave notice to their moulders, pattern-makers, boiler-makers, and finishers—numbering in all some six thousand men—to cease work, on the ground that there was simply nothing for them to do. That was a decisive challenge, and the trades unions have not been slow to accept it. They are rapidly amalgamating all the unions in the country, with a view to this one contest, and there the matter stands. Both sides have money, and neither has any intention of yielding. London, where the dispute originally broke out, is the only city unaffected. The Board of Trade, though empowered by act of Parliament to interfere in industrial warfare, has done nothing, and Mr. **Ritchie**, after his experience with Lord **Penrhyn** and his quarrymen, is not particularly anxious to burn his fingers again. There is therefore nothing left but to wait for the exchequer on one side or the other to give out; and it is the general opinion that the employers have the longer purse.

CINCINNATUS AND BELISARIUS.

It is always well in a controversy to know authentically your opponent's point of view. In the case of pensions this is particularly desirable. American citizens who find it a national scandal that the United States should pay more for pensions on account of a war fought a generation ago than the German Empire pays for its vast army must be curious to know what the supporters of this profligate expenditure can find to say for themselves. Their curiosity may be now assuaged. A letter from one T. J. **Deavitt**, who has a law office at Montpelier, Vermont, has been published and sent abroad, apparently by its proud author. It will be read by those American citizens who are neither pensioners, genuine or fraudulent, nor yet claim agents, with wonder and incredulous astonishment.

To the interesting Mr. **Deavitt** the scandal is not that the pension list should be so big, but that it should be so small. That the flight of time and the course of nature should have diminished the payment of pensions from $165,000,000 to $140,000,000 is to him not merely deplorable, but criminal. Somebody must be responsible for it, and of all people in the world it is President **McKinley** whom he finds and holds responsible. He has had occasion, it appears, to hear the "inquiries of anxious veterans" about the effect of the new administration upon their claims, and his answer to them has been "a disappointment." "The anti-pension policy of President **Cleveland**, a policy never before known in the American government," a policy "tyrannical, with suffering, sorrow, and death in its result, so wicked that God took **Cleveland** and scattered him," is in effect continued by President **McKinley**. At any rate, "he has nowhere uttered one word in rebuke of that policy." "God forbid," exclaims the pious Mr. **Deavitt**, "that this should become a Republican policy, with no **John A. Logan** to expose it!"

Anybody who knows what the "anti-pension policy" of President **Cleveland** really was, and who is not a pensioner nor a claimant for a pension, nor a claim agent, will be at first merely bewildered by these remarks. But his bewilderment will be succeeded by indignation. The ground of our pension laws is simply that a man who is disabled from earning his own living by reason of wounds received or disease incurred in the service of his country has a claim upon his country for assistance, and, if his disability be total, for support. The "anti-pension policy" of Mr. **Cleveland** consisted simply in insisting that these conditions be observed. The policy was expressed in a number of vetoes of claims for pensions which were disallowed by the Pension Bureau, but which Congress had been induced to sanction by special bills. Mr. **Cleveland**'s position was that he would not be instrumental in degrading the pension list, which ought to be a roll of honor, into a fraud upon the nation.

Now this is the "anti-pension policy" which that presumable pension agent in Vermont has the effrontery to denounce. According to him, it is "tyrannical" and "wicked" to investigate and expose fraudulent claims for pensions. That is the view which a man who gets his living by commissions on the claims of which he secures the grant might be expected to hold. But he might be expected to keep it to himself. That he should be emboldened to publish it to the world, and to denounce the President of the United States for not securing the immediate allowance of all claims for pensions, is a singular and not a cheering social symptom. Nobody would venture to take such a ground in public unless he was assured of the sympathy of his clientage, and he could scarcely expect to secure that unless his clientage was largely composed of fraudulent claimants.

THE RIGHT WAY.

The State convention of the National Democrats in Ohio was meagre in numbers and unostentatious in display, but it put forth a platform which, if submitted upon its own merits to a popular vote, would, after proper discussion, probably very soon command the approval of a majority of the American people. The courage which dictated its propositions is most refreshing, and it leaves nothing to desire in directness of statement. It boldly declares "for the maintenance of the gold standard, for the retirement of the greenback, and for the extension of the civil service merit system whenever possible in nation and State." It demands "retrenchment of expenses and scope of government so that there be left the utmost freedom of individual effort consistent with safety and peace." It "denounces the recent tariff legislation as encouragement of extravagance and abridgment of private right, an unfair tax on all for the benefit of some of the people, and an arbitrary interference by legislation with the natural laws of trade." It blames the **Dingley** act, in particular, for "the heavier duties on lumber, wool, and hides as increasing the cost of clothing and shelter to the people." It condemns "the proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands as introducing into our Union a large Asiatic and tropical population utterly unfitted for American citizenship; as the beginning of a policy of territorial expansion certain to entail upon our country large taxation to sustain strong armies and navies in distant lands and on distant seas; and as constituting a menace to peaceful industry by exposing our country to foreign wars." And finally it expresses its disapproval of "the hostile action of the Republican party of Ohio in its attacks on civil service reform," and thanks President **McKinley** for his support of the merit system.

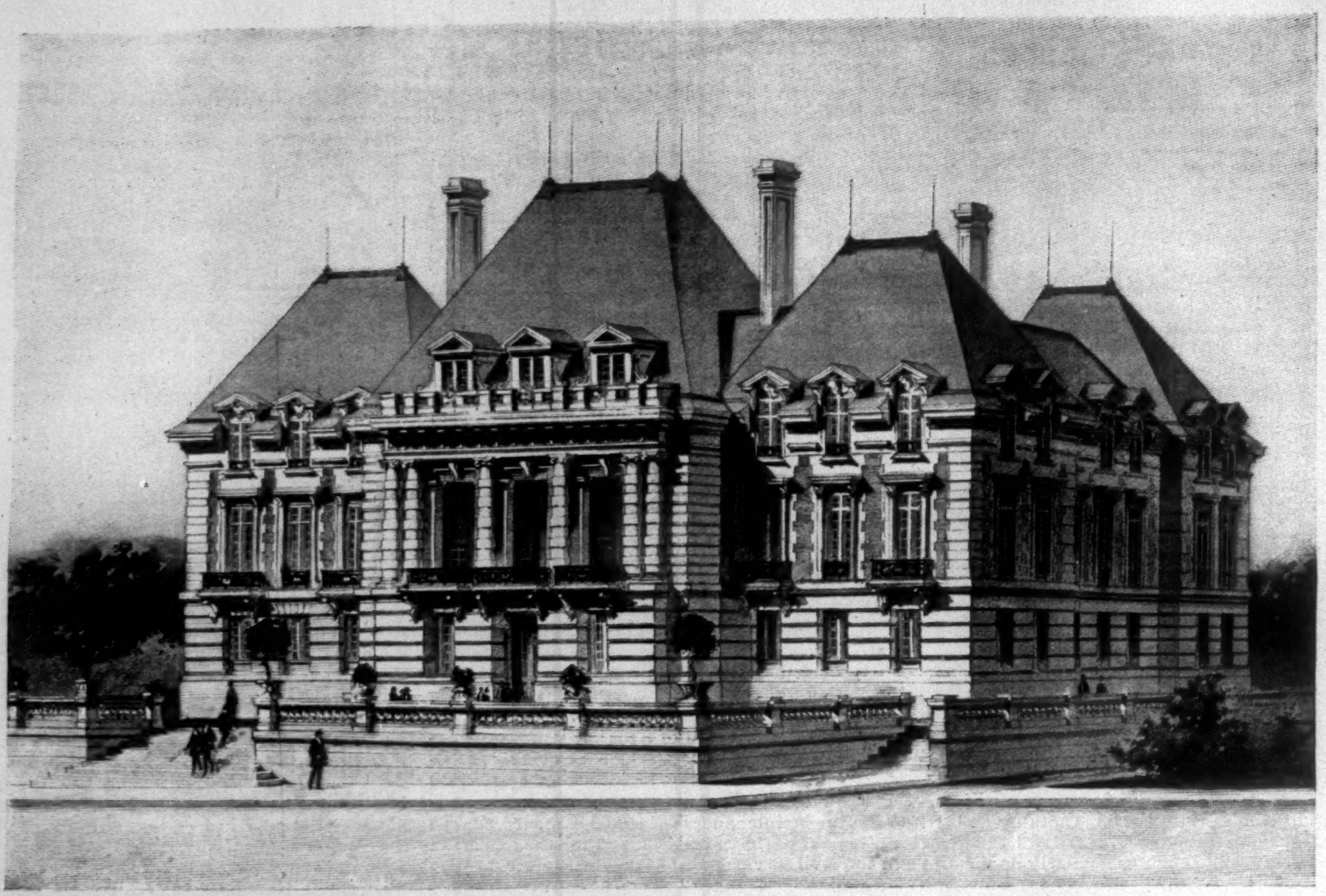
It is hardly too much to say that a programme of policy substantially embodying this platform of the National Democrats of Ohio has to-day the hearty assent not only of the National Democrats themselves, but of a very large number of Republicans who are seriously alarmed at the excesses of high-tariff protection, at the rioting Jingo spirit and the spoils mania now rank in their party; and also of a very large number of Democrats, still in the "regular organization," who have never believed in the silver heresy or have recently become tired of it, and who would be glad to see the Democracy united upon sound principles under the leadership not of self-seeking demagogues, but of broad-minded and patriotic statesmen. It is also certain that those dissatisfied Republicans and those dissatisfied "regular" Democrats would feel themselves very much at ease if they could wake up one morning to find themselves members of a great national organization substantially representing the principles and aims set forth in that Ohio platform, and strong enough to contest the national field and to protect the country from harm. It is no less certain that if a union of all these forces were effected, their organization would be strong enough to accomplish those very ends. What, then, stands in the way of such a union? With many of those who entertain the sentiments here described it is a sentimental attachment for the "old party," or even merely for its name, which makes a severance uncongenial to their feelings unless compelled by the extremest necessity. With many others it is an exceptional anxiety inspired by the present political situation. Republicans apprehend that if the Republican party were exposed to defeat, the government might fall into the hands of the silver Democracy, and a great catastrophe would follow. There are Democrats who reason that the Republican party, drunk with power, may be capable of any excess, and that therefore a union of the opposition on any terms will be preferable to any movement apt to disintegrate that which still exists of the regular Democracy.

Plausible as all this may sound, it is none the less true that what the Republicans stand eminently in need of is a morally as well as numerically strong opposition, the fear of which would keep them from indulging in abuses of power apt to provoke violent reactions, and that the present regular Democracy is morally too bankrupt to inspire such a wholesome fear. On the other hand, the "regular" Democracy will for a long time not be able to recover the moral weight required to give it as an opposition party real power, even if it should grope its way back to sounder financial doctrines, as has been attempted by the "regulars" in Maryland under **Gorman**'s leadership. For the country will hardly forget that this organization, against the real convictions of a large number of its members who remained in it, would have brought upon the country immeasurable disaster and disgrace had it commanded votes enough, which it came alarmingly near doing. It has thus shown a disregard for the honor and the welfare of the country, and a capacity for mischief the memory of which will not permit it to regain the confidence of the conservative elements of society so long as it preserves its present identity. The Democracy, therefore, needs not only a change of programme, but a thorough change of leadership and organization, to become again a trusted instrumentality for good ends on the political field. It must be broadly distinguishable from the present "regular" Democracy not only in fact, but also in appearance.

If the union of dissatisfied Republicans and sound-money Democrats who think substantially alike could be promptly formed, the problem would be solved. But if that cannot be, the National Democrats, to effect anything, will have to stick to their work with patient fortitude, and perhaps also with a good deal of self-denial, offering a nucleus, however small, for gradual accretion. They will have to guard their own identity with jealous care. They will have, above all things, to resist the temptation of combining with the "regular" Democracy for the purpose of "electing Democrats to office," or of winning other local or temporary advantages with them in common—as some weak-kneed National Democrats in New York city are now inclined to do to the end of getting some municipal places. Wherever they command any force they will have to keep up a separate organization, nominate their own candidates for offices of a political character (not including municipal places), and promulgate their own platforms of principles and policies. They will constantly have to appeal to the people in their own name, and instead of ever thinking of combining with the "regular" Democracy upon any terms of compromise, wait for the "regular" Democrats to come to them upon the platform of the Nationals. This may be a programme of arduous work, requiring the toughest kind of constancy and perseverance; but thoughtful men will hardly deny that it is the only way to build up an organization of true moral vitality and power, and thus to render to the republic that great service which our time calls for, and for which the National Democrats have the opportunity.

It is cheering to observe that in several States the National Democrats have adopted this line of action. In Massachusetts their State committee has, in an address to the people, expressed the general purpose with conspicuous felicity. "The time has come," the address says, "when the safety and welfare of our country imperatively demand that the patriotic friends of good government should renounce their allegiance to mere party name, and unite with those who have earned a right to their confidence. Our party is organized by those who believe that there ought to be a trustworthy political party pledged to establish a sounder and better system of banking and currency, to practise honesty and economy in expenditures, to use public office as a public trust, and to eradicate the spoils system in both appointments and legislation." It may in truth be said that the sound-money Democrats, by their patriotic and eminently unselfish course in the last national election, have "earned a right to the public confidence." They will preserve and strengthen that confidence in the same measure as they remain true to the patriotic purposes which inspired that course, and which were so admirably set forth in their original platform, and as in the effort to make that platform in its integrity the programme of a great national party they persevere with the courage and devotion worthy of their cause.

Carl Schurz.



NEW HOUSE FOR THE ST. LOUIS CLUB—VIEW FROM LINDELL BOULEVARD.—J. H. FREEDLANDER & ARTHUR DILLON, ARCHITECTS.

THE NEW ST. LOUIS CLUB HOUSE.

THE present home of the St. Louis Club, the oldest and most important social club in the city, is a handsome and commodious building; but the residential quarter is pushing steadily to the westward, and the St. Louis Club has to follow the trend of movement. The site selected is upon Lindell Boulevard, the principal driving street of the city leading to Forest Park. The lot measures one hundred and fifty feet by two hundred and fifty. As the new building will be about one hundred feet square, it will have four unobstructed façades. This feature, which will make it probably unique amongst city clubs, immensely assists the monumental character of the building, besides simplifying the problems of lighting and ventilation.

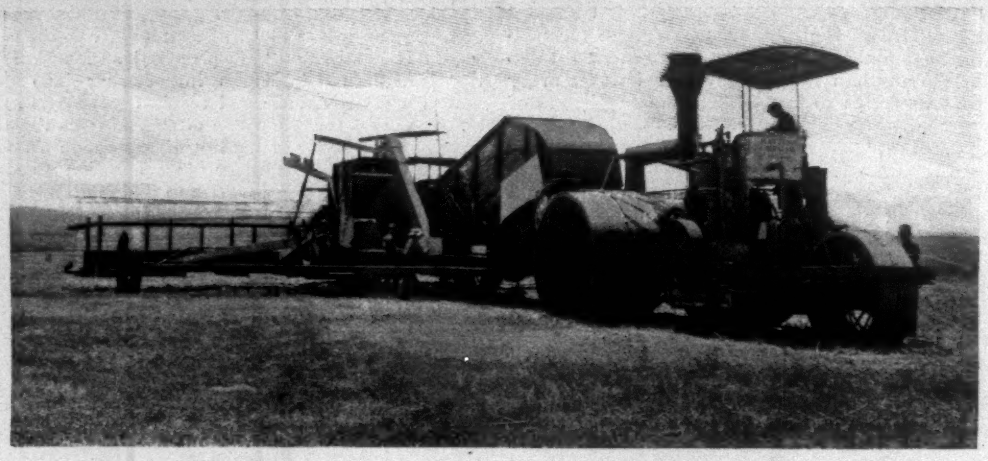
Four architects were invited to compete, and the award was made in favor of the design of Freedlander & Dillon, of New York. The style adopted is French Renaissance, and a reference to the illustration on this page will show that the building, while simple and dignified in the mass, will be rich in detail. It will be constructed of light red brick and Indiana limestone, with a slate roof. The ground slopes towards the Boulevard, and full advantage has been taken of this by making the approach a broad flight of steps leading up to a terrace, which is continued along the east front, while a garden will be in the rear.

In the basement the architect has especially studied the interests of the athletic members. Besides the barber shop, wine-cellar, and servants' hall, there will be bowling-alleys, a gymnasium, locker and bicycle rooms, shower and tub baths, and a large plunge-bath.

The first floor will contain the most-frequented rooms, such as the writing-room, café, billiard and smoking rooms, and the usual offices. Approach to the second floor is to be by a large flight of marble stairs as well as by elevator. Here will be a large dining-room, with loggia for summer use, private dining-rooms, card-rooms, library and reading-room, as well as the kitchen and service-rooms. The top floor will contain a number of living-rooms and parlors for residents of the club.

It is an essential of a first-class club, nowadays, that it should have a large hall—suitable not only for balls and banquets, but for picture exhibitions. These last form the latest development of club life, and prove even more than the public exhibitions how strongly the art movement is growing throughout the country. In many cases it leads to the formation of a yearly fund, or subscription, with which one or more pictures are bought each year. In this way the club becomes a substantial art patron, and, if good judgment is used, may secure an excellent investment. In the St. Louis Club House this hall will be on the mezzanine floor communicating with the main staircase, and will be the largest room of its kind in the city.

Another interesting feature of this club house is that it will contain a suite of rooms for the ladies—a courtesy extended to them as friends or relations of the members. This portion of the club house is entirely separate from the rest, and is approached on the west side. On the first floor will be a reception-room, from which an independent staircase leads up to their separate dining-room and parlor. These rooms will be so arranged that they can, if occasion arises, be put in communication with the hall, with the rest of the building shut off.



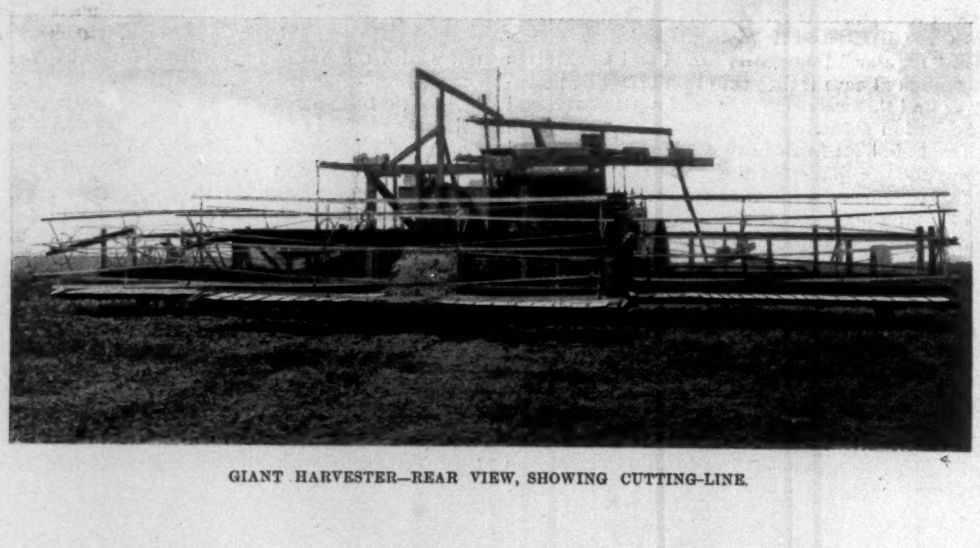
GIANT HARVESTER—DAILY CAPACITY ONE HUNDRED ACRES.

A GIANT HARVESTER.

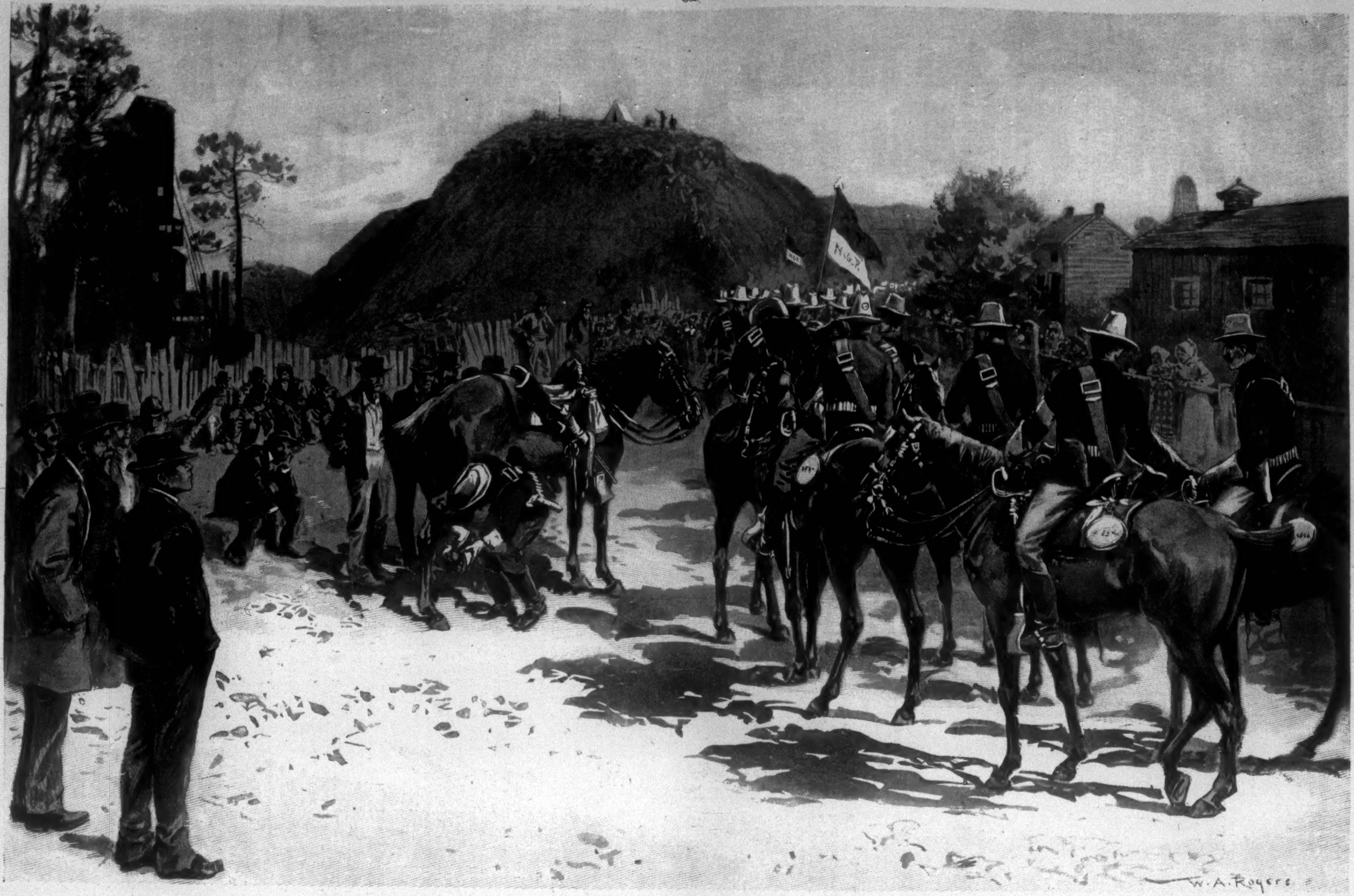
THIS season, in the great wheat-growing section of the San Joaquin Valley, a giant harvester has been in use which cuts, threshes, and sacks the wheat growing on one hundred acres daily. The machine, when all its sickles are in use, cuts the enormous swath of fifty-two feet. Eight or ten men are able to handle it easily, and it turns out from 1400 to 1800 sacks of wheat in a ten-hour day.

The machine is arranged with a central body, which is the regulation twenty-six-foot harvester. On each side of this main sickle is a thirteen-foot sickle. When the machine began work this year, the traction-engine, which was built specially for it, pushed this enormous harvester through the heavy grain of the islands in the San Joaquin River as easily as a team of horses would draw a wagon on a road. When, however, the softer ground was reached, the weight of the machine proved to be so great that the wheels sank into the soil, and the traction-engine could not perform its work as rapidly as it should have done; hence, there was a great loss of power. To remedy this, the side sickles had to be removed.

The output of the machine in this new form is 600 to 800 sacks per day. Next season the owners will use it on upland only, where they will be able to employ all three of the sickles, thus making it the largest harvester in the world.



GIANT HARVESTER—REAR VIEW, SHOWING CUTTING-LINE.



THE MINING RIOTS IN PENNSYLVANIA—WITH THE GOVERNOR'S TROOP AT LATTIMER.

A Halt below the Signal-Station.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 958.]

OLD SUFFOLK.

Dunwich, August 31, 1897.

I AM not sure that before entering the county of Suffolk in the early part of August I had been conscious of any personal relation to it save my share in what we all inevitably feel for a province enshrining the birthplace of a Copperfield. The opening lines of David's history offered in this particular an easy perch to my young imagination; and to recall them to-day, though with a memory long unrefreshed, is to wonder once more at the depth to which early impressions strike down. This one in especial indeed has been the privilege of those millions of readers who owe to Dickens the glow of the prime response to the romantic, that first bite of the apple of knowledge which leaves a taste forever on the tongue. The great initiators give such a color to mere names that the things they represent have often, before contact, been a lively part of experience. It is hard therefore for an undefended victim of this kind of emotion to measure, when contact arrives, the quantity of picture already stored up, to point to the necleus of the gallery or trace the history of the acquaintance. It is true that for the divine plant of sensibility in youth the watering need never have been lavish. It flowered, at all events, at the right moment, in a certain case, into the branching image of Blunderstone—which, by-the-way, I am sorry to see figure as "Blundeston" in gazetteers of recent date and more than questionable tact. Dickens took his Rookery exactly where he found it, and simply fixed it forever; he left the cradle of the Copperfields the benefit of its delightful name; or I should say better, perhaps, left the delightful name and the obscure nook the benefit of an association ineffaceable: all of which makes me the more ashamed not as yet to have found the right afternoon—it would have in truth to be abnormally long—for a pious pilgrimage to the distracting little church where, on David's sleepy Sundays, one used to lose one's self with the sketchy Phiz. One of the reasons of this omission, so profane on a prior view, is doubtless that everything, in England, in old-time corners, has the connecting touch and the quality of illustration, and that, in a particularly golden August, with an impression in every bush, the immediate vision, wherever one meets it, easily attaches and suffices. Another must have been, I confess, the somewhat depressed memory of a visit paid a few years since to the ancient home of the Peggottys, supposedly so "sympathetic," but with little left, to-day, as the event then proved, of the glamour it had worn to the fancy. Great Yarmouth, it will be remembered, was a convenient drive from Blunderstone; but Great Yarmouth, with its mile of cockneyfied sea-front and its overflow of nigger minstrelsy, now strikes the wrong note so continuously that I, for my part, became conscious, on the spot, of a chill to the spirit of research.

This time, therefore, I have allowed that spirit its ease; and I may perhaps intelligibly make the point I desire if I contrive to express somehow that I have found myself, most of the month, none the less abundantly occupied in reading a fuller sense into the lingering sound given out, for a candid mind, by my superscription and watching whatever it may stand for gradually flush with a stronger infusion. It takes, in England, for that matter, no wonderful corner of the land to make the fiddle-string vibrate. The old usual rural things do this enough, and a part of the charm of one's exposure to them is that they ask one to rise to no heroics. What is the charm, after all, but just the abyss of the familiar? The peopled fancy, the haunted memory are themselves what pay the bill. The game can accordingly be played with delightful economy, a thrift involving the cost of little more than a good bicycle. The bicycle indeed, since I fall back on that admission, may perhaps, without difficulty, be too good for the roads. Those of the more devious kind often engender hereabouts, like the Aristotelian tragedy, pity and terror; but almost equally with others they lead, on many a chance, to the ruddiest, greenest hamlets. What this comes to is saying that I have had, for many a day, the sweet sense of living, æsthetically, at really high pressure without, as it were, drawing on the great fund. By the great fund I mean the public show, the show for admission to which you are charged and overcharged, made to taste of the tree of possible disappointment. The beauty of old Suffolk in general, and above all of the desperate depth of it from which I write, is that these things whisk you straight out of conceivable relation to that last danger.

I defy any one, at desolate, exquisite Dunwich, to be disappointed in anything. The minor key is struck here with a felicity that leaves no sigh to be breathed, no loss to be suffered; a month of the place is a real education to the patient, the inner vision. The explanation of this is, appreciably, that the conditions give you to deal with not, in the manner of some quiet countries, what is meagre and thin, but what has literally, in a large degree, ceased to be at all. Dunwich is not even the ghost of its dead self; almost all you can say of it is that it consists of the mere letters of its old name. The coast, up and down, for miles, has been, for more centuries than I presume to count, gnawed away by the sea. All the grossness of its positive life is now at the bottom of the German Ocean, which moves forever, like a ruminating beast, an insatiable, indefatigable lip. Few things are so melancholy—and so redeemed from mere ugliness by sadness—as this long, artificial straightness that the monster has impartially maintained. If at low tide you walk on the shore, the cliffs, of little height, show you a defense picked as bare as a bone; and you can say nothing kinder of the general humility and general sweetness of the land than that this sawlike action gives it, for the fancy, an interest a sort of mystery, that more than makes up for what it may have surrendered. It stretched, within historic times, out into towns and promontories for which there is now no more to show than for the empty eye-holes of a skull; and half the effect of the whole thing, half the secret of the impression, and what I may really call, I think, the source of the distinction, is this very visibility of the mutilation. Such at any rate is the case for a mind that can properly brood. There is a presence in what is missing—there is history in there being so little. It is so little, to-day, that every item of the handful counts.

The biggest items are of course the two ruins, the great church and its tall tower, now quite on the verge of the cliff, and the crumbled, ivied wall of the immense cincture of the Priory. These things have parted with almost every grace, but they still keep up the work that they have been engaged in for centuries, and that cannot better be described than as the adding of mystery to mystery. This accumulation, at present prodigious, is, to the brooding mind, unconscious as the shrunken little Dunwich of to-day may be of it, the beginning and the end of the matter. I hasten to add that it is to the brooding mind only, and from it, that I speak. The mystery sounds forever in the hard, straight tide, and hangs, through the long, still summer days and over the low, diked fields, in the soft, thick light. We play with it as with the answerless question, the question of the spirit and attitude, never again to be recovered, of the little city submerged. For it *was* a city, the main port of Suffolk, as even its poor relics show; with a fleet of its own on the North Sea, and a big religious house on the hill. We wonder what were then the apparent conditions of security, and on what rough calculation a community could so build itself out to meet its fate. It keeps one easy company here to-day to think of the whole business as a magnificent mistake. But Mr. Swinburne, in verses of an extraordinary poetic eloquence, quite brave enough for whatever may have been, glances in the right direction much further than I can do. Read moreover, for other glances, the Letters of Edward Fitzgerald, Suffolk worthy and whimsical subject who, living hard by at Woodbridge, haunted these regions during most of his life, and has left, in delightful pages, at the service of the emulous visitor, the echo of every odd, quaint air they could draw from his cracked, sweet instrument. He has paid his tribute, I seem to remember, to the particular delicate flower—the pale Dunwich rose—that blooms on the walls of the Priory. The emulous visitor, only yesterday, on the most vulgar of vehicles—which, however, he is quite aware he must choose between using and abusing—followed, in the mellow afternoon, one of these faint hints across the land and as far as the old, old town of Aldeburgh, the birthplace and the commemorated "Borough" of the poet Crabbe.

Fitzgerald, devoted to Crabbe, was apparently not less so to this small break in the wide, low, heathery bareness that brings the sweet Suffolk commons—rare purple and gold when I arrived—nearly to the edge of the sea. We don't, none the less, always gather the particular impression we bravely go forth to seek. We doubtless gather another indeed that will serve as well any such turn as here may wait for it; so that if it was somehow not easy to work Fitzgerald into the small gentility of the sea-front, the little "marina," as of a fourth-rate watering-place, that has elbowed away, evidently in recent years, the old handful of character, one could at least, to make up for that, fall back either on the general sense of the happy trickery of genius or on the special beauty of the mixture, in the singer of Omar Khayyám, that, giving him such a place for a setting, could yet feed his fancy so full. Crabbe, at Aldeburgh, for that matter, is perhaps even more wonderful—in the light, I mean, of what is left of the place by one's conjuring away the little modern vulgar accumulation. What is left is just the stony beach and the big gales and the cluster of fishermen's huts and the small wide, short street of decent, homely, shoppy houses. These are the private emotions of the historic sense—glimpses in which we recover for an hour, or rather perhaps, with any intensity, but for the glimmer of a minute, the conditions that, grimly enough, could engender masterpieces, or at all events classics. What a mere pinch of manners and customs in the midst of winds and waves! Yet if it was a feature of these to return a member to Parliament, what wonder that, up to the Reform Bill, dead Dunwich should have returned two?

The glimpses I speak of are, in all directions, the constant company of the afternoon "spin." Beginning, modestly enough, at Dunwich itself, they end, for intensity, as far inland as you have time to go; far enough—this is the great point—to have shown you, in their quiet vividness of type, a placid series of the things into which you may most read the old story of what is softest in the English complexity. I scarce know what murmur has been for weeks in my ears if it be not that of the constant word that, as a recall of the story, may serve to be put under the vignette. And yet this word is in its last form nothing more eloquent than the mere admonition to be pleased. Well, so you are, even as I was yesterday at Wesselton with a dramatic air that I could not consent not to press into the dear old red inn at which I halted for the queer restorative—I thus discharge my debt to it—of a bottle of lemonade with a "dash." The dash was only of beer, but the refreshment was immense. So even was that of the sight of a dim, draped, sphinxlike figure that loomed, at the end of a polished passage, out of a little dusky back parlor which had a windowful of the choked light of a small green garden—a figure proving to be an old woman desirous to dilate on all the years she had sat there with rheumatism most cruel. So, still more—and in these cases without the after-taste—is that of the pretty little park gates that you pass to skirt walls and hedges beyond which the great affair, the greatest of all, the deep, still home, sits in the midst of its acres and strikes you all the more for being, precisely, so unrenowned. It is the charming repeated lesson that the amenity of the famous seats in this country is nothing to that of the lost and buried ones. This impression in particular may bring you round again harmoniously to Dunwich and above all perhaps to where the Priory, laid, as I may say flat on its back, rests its large outline on what was once the high ground, with the inevitable "big" house, beyond and a little above, folded, for privacy, in a neat, impenetrable wood. Here as elsewhere the cluster offers without complication just the signs of the type. At the base of the hill are the dozen cottages to which the village has been reduced, and one of which contains, to my hearing, though by no means, alas, to his own, a very ancient man who will count for you on his fingers, till they fail, the grand acres that, in his day, he has seen go the way of the rest. He likes to figure that he ploughed of old where only the sea ploughs now. Dunwich, however, will still last his time; and that of as many other as—to repeat my hint—may yet be drawn here (though not, I hope, on the instance of these prudent lines!) to judge for themselves into how many meanings a few elements can compose. One need never be bored, after all, when "composition" really rules. It rules in the way the brown hamlet disposes itself, and the gray square tower of the church, in just the right relation, peeps out of trees that remind me exactly of those which, in the frontispieces of Birket Foster, offered to my childish credulity the very essence of England. Let me put it directly for old Suffolk that this credulity finds itself, at the end of time, here more than ever justified. Let me put it perhaps also that the very essence of England has a way of presenting itself with completeness in almost any fortuitous combination of rural objects at all, so that, wherever you may be, you get, reduced and simplified, the whole of the scale. The big house and its woods are always at hand; with a "party" always, in the intervals of shooting, to bring down to the rustic sports that keep up the tradition of the village green. The russet, low-browed inn, the "ale-house" of Shakespeare, the immemorial fountain of beer, looking over that expanse, swings, with an old-time, story-telling creak, the sign of the Marquis of Carabas. The pretty girls, within sight of it, alight from the Marquis's wagonette; the young men with the single eye-glass and the new hat sit beside them on the benches supplied for their sole accommodation, and thanks to which the meditator on manners has, a little, the image, gathered from faded fictions by female hands, of the company brought over, for the triumph of the heroine, to the hunt, or whatever, ball. And it is always Hodge and Gaffer that, at bottom, *font les frais*—always the mild children of the glebe on whom, in the last resort, the complex superstructure rests.

The discovery, in the twilight of time, of the merits, as a building-site, of Hodge's broad bent back remains surely one of the most sagacious strokes of the race from which the squire and the parson were to be evolved. He is there, at any rate—at the rustic sports—in force, or in feebleness, with Mrs. Hodge and the Miss Hodges, who participate with a silent glee in the chase, over fields where their shadows are long, of a pig with a greased tail. He pulls his forelock in the tent in which, after the pig is caught, the rewards of valor are dispensed by the squire's lady, and if he be in favor for respectability and not behind with rent, he penetrates later to the lawn within the woods, where he is awaited by a band of music and a collation of beer, buns, and tobacco.

I mention these things as some of the light notes, but the picture is never too empty for a stronger one not to sound. The strongest, at Dunwich, is indeed one that, without in the least falsifying the scale, counts immensely for filling in. The palm in the rustic sports is for the bluejackets; as, in England, of course, nothing is easier than for the village green to alternate with the element that Britannia still more admirably rules. I had often dreamed that the ideal refuge for a man of letters was a cottage so placed on the coast as to be circled, as it were, by the protecting arm of the Admiralty. I remember to have heard it said in the old country—in New York and Boston—that the best place to live in is next to an engine-house, and it is on this analogy that, at Dunwich, I have looked for ministering peace in near neighborhood to one of those stations of the coast-guard that, round all the edge of England, at short intervals, on rock and sand and heath, make, with shining whitewash and tar, clean as a great state is at least theoretically clean, each its own little image of the reach of the empire. It is in each case an image that, for one reason and another, you respond to with a sort of thrill; and the thing becomes as concrete as you can wish on your discovering in the three or four individual members of the simple staff of the establishment all sorts of educated decency, and many sorts of beguilement to intercourse. Prime among the latter, in truth, is the great yarn-spinning gift. It differs from man to man, but here and there it glows like a cut ruby. May the last darkness close before I cease to care for sea-folk!—though this, I hasten to add, is not the private predilection at which, in these incoherent notes, I proposed most to glance. Let me have mentioned it merely as a sign that the fault is all my own if, this summer, the arm of the Admiralty have not, in the full measure of my theory, represented the protection under which the long literary morning may know—abyss of delusion!—nothing but itself.

HENRY JAMES.

THE GOLD-SEEKERS.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

GOLD, gold, gold!
What care we for hunger and cold?
What care we for the moil and strife,
Or the thousands of foes to health and life,
When there's gold for the mighty, and gold for the meek,
And gold for whoever shall dare to seek?
Untold
Is the gold;
And it lies in the reach of the man that's bold:
In the hands of the man who dares to face
The death in the blast, that blows apace;
That withers the leaves on the forest tree;
That fetters with ice all the northern sea;
That chills all the green on the fair earth's breast,
And as certainly kills as the unstayed pest.
It lies in the hands of the man who'd sell
His hold on his life for an ice-bound hell.
What care we for the fevered brain
That's filled with ravings and thoughts insane,
So long as we hold
In our hands the gold?—
The glistening, glittering, ghastly gold
That comes at the end of the hunger and cold;
That comes at the end of the awful thirst;
That comes through the pain and torture accurst
Of limbs that are racked and minds o'erthrown,
The gold lies there and is all our own,
Be we mighty or meek,
If we do but seek.
For the hunger is sweet and the cold is fair
To the man whose riches are past compare;
And the o'erthrown mind is as good as sane,
And a joy to the limbs is the racking pain,
If the gold is there.
And they say, if you fail, in your dying day
All the tears, all the troubles, are wiped away
By the fever-thought of your shattered mind
That a cruel world has at last grown kind;
That your hands o'errun with the clinking gold,
With nuggets of weight and of worth untold,
And your vacant eyes
Gloat o'er the riches of Paradise!

THIS BUSY WORLD

Americans who have penetrated as far away from home as London remark, as one of the more striking peculiarities of that metropolis, the extraordinary difficulty of getting something to eat there after midnight. There are perhaps fifty open-all-night restaurants in New York, and in all considerable American cities provision is made for people who have occasion for food when most people are asleep. The restaurant-wagons, which during the last two or three years have come to be familiar in most American cities, do business from sunset to sunrise or later, and in themselves form a sufficient safeguard against nocturnal famine. London seems not to have developed even these itinerant havens. Mr. Julian Ralph lately communicated to the *London Mail* a distressing narrative (though happy in its ending) of the anguish of an American gentleman, who left Paris with nothing more than a cup of coffee in him, omitted to take food at Boulogne or on the boat ("I find it's throwing money overboard to eat crossing the Channel"), and who found himself in London after midnight, "so hungry that I was all one clamorous appetite with a hat on and a suit of clothes." There was not a bite of anything at his hotel; he had not telegraphed. He was recommended to consult a cabman. Cabby took him to a proprietary club, where he was first refused admittance, and afterwards told that he could get in by signing an application for membership and paying an initiation fee, but as there was no food in the house except a few sandwiches, he retired. A house near by was said to contain food, which could be had at a cost of a guinea for each edible object ordered—a guinea for a chop, a guinea for a potato, and so on. That didn't do either. Then the cabby, touched by the anguish of his fare, and assured that the plainest food would more than satisfy a man the sides of whose stomach were knocking together like castanets, drove to "a little green cabin stranded in the roadway in Piccadilly," frequented and sustained by cabmen, and there the suffering American got the steak and potatoes and bread and tea that his system clamored for. The food was good, and the company genial and well-mannered, so the story ended with the return of a happy man to his hotel; but he still wonders that the habits of London should be so very different from the habits of American cities. Other Americans have been heard of whose experiences have stirred in them the same surprise. One of them is Mr. Ralph himself, who says: "Why London does not demand all-night restaurants I don't know, except it be that the English have developed the home, their love of it, and its capacity for giving satisfaction as no other people have. And England, be it remembered, is all English."

It was reported as long ago as last May that Ambassador Hay had stamped "American Embassy" on his official letter-paper, and had been somewhat criticised for doing so. An allusion to this incident in this department of the **Weekly** for June 5 included the remark that "it is surprising how .... the people of the United States have come into the enjoyment of a monopoly of the word American." This observation having crossed the seas and come to the notice of Mr. H. B. Morse, at the custom-house at Lung-chow, he has been moved to discuss the matter further. It is well that he has, for he throws light on it. He writes:

> A citizen of the United States of Colombia is called a Colombian; a citizen of the United States of Brazil is called a Brazilian; a citizen (or subject) of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is called a British citizen or subject, or by the old term of Briton. As with a citizen, so with an army, a fleet, a ruler, a Congress or Parliament, or even an Ambassador or Embassy. In the same way a citizen of the United States is, and must be, called, as Washington called him, an American, not because he is a denizen of the continent of America, but because he is a citizen of the nation which calls itself, and is called by others, America. The French get rid of a part, but a part only, of the difficulty by calling, constantly but quite without authority, the United States of America "Les Etats Unis de l'Amériqne du Nord"; but in general, for a hundred years the adjective "American" has denoted persons or things of or pertaining to the United States of America, in the same way that, at the present day, in the adjective "German" no reference is ever felt to things Austrian, except in philology.
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> The Ambassador of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, dates his despatches and letters from the "British Embassy." The Ambassador (or minister) of the United States of America will probably be hifalutin and address his official despatches from the "Embassy (or Legation) of the United States of America"; but neither officially or unofficially should he arrogate to himself the position of representing *The* United States; and his semi-official letter-paper would rightly be headed
>
> AMERICAN EMBASSY
>
> with or without a spread-eagle.
>
> An apparent exception to the rule I would make is found in the U.S.A. and U.S.N. appended to the titles giving the rank of officers of what others than Americans call the American army and navy. These distinguishing letters have the prescription of long usage, and are needed now, as they were needed at the outset, to distinguish officers of the national forces from those of the State militia. They find their correlatives in the R.N., R.A., and R.E. used to distinguish officers belonging to what others than British call the British navy, artillery, and engineers.

So, then, it is not modest, but the contrary, for us to speak of ourselves as citizens of the United States rather than as Americans, and it is not altogether surprising that we are called Americans, for that is the christened name of our country! Those seem to be Mr. Morse's views, and they are well supported by the considerations which he advances.

General Frederick Townsend, of Albany, who died on September 11, was a graduate of Union College in 1844, and was educated for the law, but developed a strong taste for military affairs, which enabled him to render valuable services to the State of New York and to the Union. Being appointed Adjutant-General of New York in 1857, he proceeded to bring system and order into the State militia, with the result that when the civil war broke out it was a much more effective force and much better prepared for active service than the militia of most other States. When fighting began General Townsend declined reappointment, and went to the front as Colonel of the Third New York Volunteers. Soon afterwards he was appointed a Major in the regular army. He was in active service throughout the war, but resigned from the army in 1868. He served as Adjutant-General of New York under Governor Cornell, and in 1878 was made Brigadier-General in the National Guard. He was born in 1825, in Albany, which continued all his life to be his home.

The Enchanted Mesa of New Mexico, lately disenchanted by Professor Libbey of Princeton, has regained part of its reputation through the efforts and testimony of Mr. F. W. Hodge, of the Bureau of Ethnology of the Smithsonian Institution. Professor Libbey, as will be remembered, explored the mesa, and reported no evidence of former occupation. Mr. Hodge, being in New Mexico on various scientific errands, concluded to take another look around the mesa's upper surface. In company with Major Pratt, a United States surveyor, Mr. Vrooman, a photographer, Mr. Hoyt of Chicago, and two Laguna Indians, he reached the mesa with extension ladders and explored it thoroughly. He picked up fragments of pottery, two stone axes (broken), a stone arrow-point, a fragment of a shell bracelet, and other evidences that the mesa had been inhabited. Unless Professor Libbey can testify that he dropped on the mesa the objects that Mr. Hodge found there, he will have to admit that his scrutiny was superficial. As upholding the authority of Indian tradition, Mr. Hodge's discoveries are exceedingly interesting.

Boston has lost an honored member of a distinguished family in Theodore Lyman, third of the name and seventh in descent from an ancestor who came over to New England in 1631. The first Theodore Lyman came from Maine to Boston, and became a successful merchant. His son, Major Lyman, an able and highly cultivated man, was a famous mayor of Boston in antislavery times, and is remembered for his public services and benefactions. Colonel Lyman, son of Mayor Lyman, who died a fortnight ago at Nahant, graduated at Harvard in 1855, and afterwards studied for three years in Cambridge under Professor Agassiz. He was in Europe when the war broke out, but came home in 1863, and entered the service as Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of General Meade. He served with distinction until the close of the war, and was in at the death at Appomattox. After the war, as a result of his studies with Agassiz, he served Massachusetts seventeen years as Commissioner of Fisheries. In 1882 he went to Congress as an independent and a civil service reformer. Throughout the active years of his life he was noted as a public-spirited citizen and for his active interest in scientific concerns. During the last ten years he lived he was an invalid. Mr. Frank Sanborn says of him in the *Springfield Republican*:

> His best title to remembrance is neither his liberality nor his talent, but that unfailing endurance of the worst physical ills, and the generosity of soul with which he spared to others the suffering he could not avoid, but of which he would not complain.

The north pole promises to be crowded next year, and if there is any real estate in its neighborhood it is high time to stake it out into town lots. The latest aspirant for the honor of being first on the ground is Mr. Walter Wellman, explorer and newspaper correspondent, who has determined to sail next June from Bergen, Norway, with ten men, to be gone about two years. His plan includes a supply station at Cape Flora, and a dash for the farthest north early in 1899.

Father Deshon, who succeeds the late Father Hewitt as Superior General of the Paulists, is the last survivor of the five priests who separated from the Redemptorists to found the Missionary Society of St. Paul in the State of New York. He was born in New London seventy-five years ago, of Huguenot stock, and it is interesting to recall that he was educated at West Point, where he was a classmate of General Grant. He was graduated at West Point with distinction, and remained there for five years as an instructor. The special interests of his society include the social improvement of the people, the promulgation of temperance, parochial labors, and missions to non-Catholics. Father Deshon is widely known as a preacher.

Report comes from Pennsylvania of an architectural difficulty, the details of which will be familiar to the readers of the **Weekly** from their memory of many similar cases. There has been a competition to secure plans for the new State House. About forty architects competed, and a board of experts recommended eight plans to the consideration of the Building Commissioners. This has not satisfied the commissioners, and they voted, 4 to 1, to invite all the competing architects to submit their plans directly to the commission. The supposition is that the commissioners intend to give the job to an architect whose plan is not included among the eight selected by the experts. To induce commissioners to recognize what experts are for seems as difficult a task in Pennsylvania as it is in Washington or New York.

Knoxville, Tennessee, is getting ready to hold its second annual Merchants' and Manufacturers' Free Street Fair and Trade Carnival, lasting four days, from the 12th to the 15th of October. The programme provides for a lively combination of sport and trade, which includes seven street processions, a sham-battle, intermittent oratory, a barbecue, frequent receptions, sporting contests, a children's half-holiday, and a grand historical centennial ball. Coincident with all these goings on is to be the fair and cattle show, with awards of premiums during lulls in the other proceedings. Knoxville is an enterprising city, and does not mind taking trouble, so long as incidentally it promotes business and has fun.

The conditions of the award of the prize of $500 offered to the Amherst Freshman (classical) who shows the best preparation for college are somewhat novel. The winner gets $50 when announcement is made of the award, and $55 on the 1st of October and the 1st of March of every year thereafter, until March 1 in his Senior year, when he receives $65. These payments are conditioned on his continuing to maintain an honorable record, and an average standing of not less than eighty per cent.

A prize of $300 offered to the best prepared Freshman in the scientific division is to be paid on a similar instalment plan, the intention of the donors being to encourage sustained proficiency in college as well as thorough preparation.

The unofficial announcement noted in this page of the **Weekly** last week that President Andrews would let his resignation stand has not been sustained by events. On September 14, the day before the opening of Brown, Dr. Andrews withdrew his resignation. In his letter to the committee he speaks of "being now free to give to the university my undivided service," which can only mean that he has been released from his engagements to Mr. John Brisben Walker.

It has been an eventful summer for Dr. Andrews. A great deal has happened, and what has not happened has been about as stirring as actual occurrences. He must need repose, and it is pleasant to think of him as restored to the comparative calm of pedagogical duties in an endowed institution.

A Washington despatch dated September 15 disclosed that the President, the Secretary of the Treasury, and the Postmaster-General had put their heads together and determined to change the color of the two-cent stamp from red to green of the shade now used on government notes. If this report proves true, and is not merely a rumor set afloat to test the temper of the people, we may look for trouble. If there is a point of public policy which seemed to be established, it is that some shade of red should prevail on the American postage-stamp of largest circulation. An experiment with a green two-cent stamp made a few years ago by a rash administration failed conspicuously; at least the green stamps ceased to be, and red ones succeeded them. It has been deposed heretofore that there are reasons for preferring green as a hue for stamps used in very large quantities, that it is a faster color, or prints better, or is cheaper, but in these reasons, which may influence Uncle Sam as manufacturer of stamps, the people who use the stamps have very little interest. Red stamps are good enough for them.

The Zuñi Indians have a reprobate propensity to murder old women now and then, on the ground that they are witches. Last February a chief died, in spite of the efforts of the medicine-men to cure him, and the baffled medicine-men reported to the tribe that their endeavors had been nullified by the witcheries of a certain old woman. It was determined that the witch ought to confess, and she was seized and tortured until she did confess. Discipline would have gone farther if it had not been for the interposition of Miss Desette, the United States school-teacher at the village, who rescued the poor old squaw and nursed her back to life. Major Nordstrom, Indian agent of these Indians, has investigated this case, and it is announced that four companies of cavalry are to assist him in arresting the old woman's persecutors. So it seems, and it is worth noting, that when Indians commit outrages there are means of punishing them, while for lynching-mobs of white men there seems to be no retribution, even when, as happens not unoften, they lynch the wrong person.

It is now practically settled, says the New York *Herald* of September 8, that Henry Wall, a young white man, lynched early in September in Patrick County, Virginia, was innocent of the crime of which he was suspected. It must be mortifying to the Patrick County vigilants to discover that they made a mistake, but doubtless the case (an assault) was one that called for immediate action. The prospect that the sheriff of Patrick County will call for soldiers to help arrest the murderers of Wall is faint.

American newspaper readers are excusable if they have received of late an impression that next to the wheat crop the most notable product of this country this year has been homicide. The country is big, and it accords with reasonable expectation that in one part or another of it killing should be in progress all the time. But this year, and especially this summer, there certainly seems to have been much more than the usual amount of it, and it will be interesting, when the returns are all in and some one has tabulated them, to learn whether this impression is well founded or not. For ten years past the Chicago *Tribune* has kept the run of murders and homicides so far as it could, and has made an annual report of them. According to a table based on these reports, there were 1449 homicides in the country in 1886, and 7900 in 1895. The tables show a great but irregular annual increase. The *Tribune's* estimate of the number of lynchings is interesting. It gives 133 in 1886, 236 in 1892, and 160 in 1895. It shows $2\frac{30}{100}$ executions to every 100 homicides.

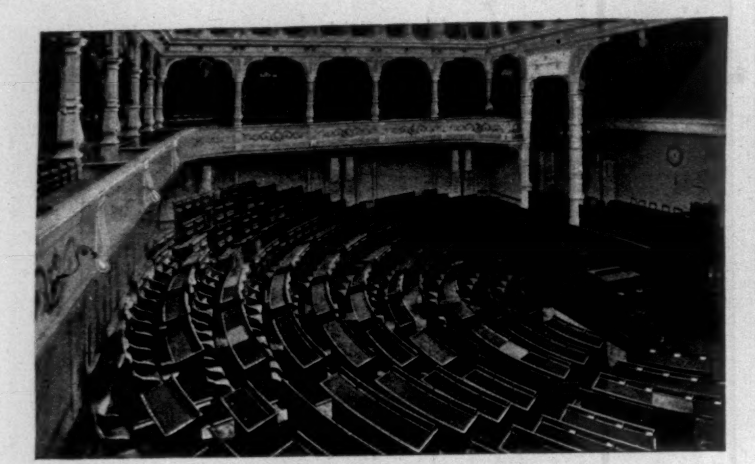
The statistics of murders in Europe, as given in the World Almanac, show that Italians kill most readily, the average annual number of murders in Italy being 2470, or 29.4 to every 10,000 deaths. Spain follows with a ratio of 23.8. Austria's ratio is 8.8; France's, 8.0; and England's 7.1. These European figures, however, apply to murders alone, and do not include, like the tables for the United States, all sorts of manslaughters, justifiable or otherwise.

It appears that the front-page picture in the **Weekly** of August 14, of prospective miners crossing the Chilkoot Pass, has fallen under suspicion of untruthfulness. The New York *Press* of September 4 mentions "Western advices" according to which the editor of the **Weekly** must have been imposed upon when he published that picture, because "Mr. Juneau of Dodge City, Kansas, says that no animals but dogs and men ever went by this route, and that if horses ever reached the summit they must have climbed rope-ladders."

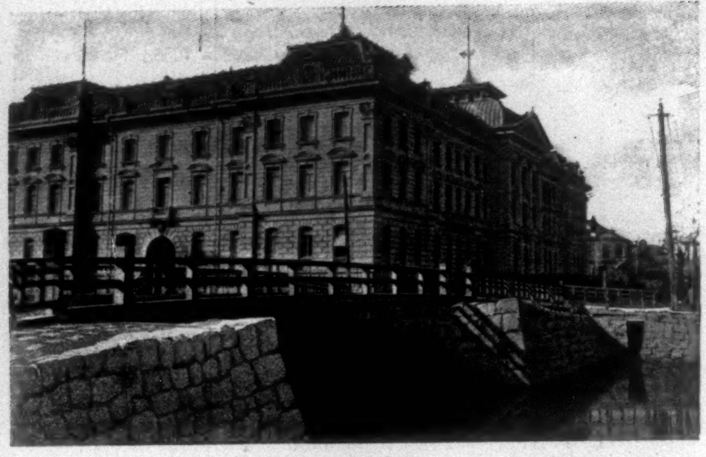
The photograph of Chilkoot Pass from which Mr. Rogers drew the **Weekly**'s picture has unquestionable horses in it. If they climbed rope-ladders to get there, it is to be regretted that they were not photographed while so engaged. But that somehow they reached the part of the pass shown in the drawing is clearly demonstrated by photographs which are still in the **Weekly**'s possession, and will be cheerfully shown to Mr. Juneau of Dodge City, or to any one else who is interested.

Chicago's new Public Library building is thought by a good many Chicago people to combine beauty and utility more successfully than any other library building in the country. Boston people and persons who have seen the new Congressional Library building will consider this a bold opinion, but it seems that there are minds in Chicago which harbor it. The Library contains at present about 350,000 books, and will receive an annual income of about $240,000.

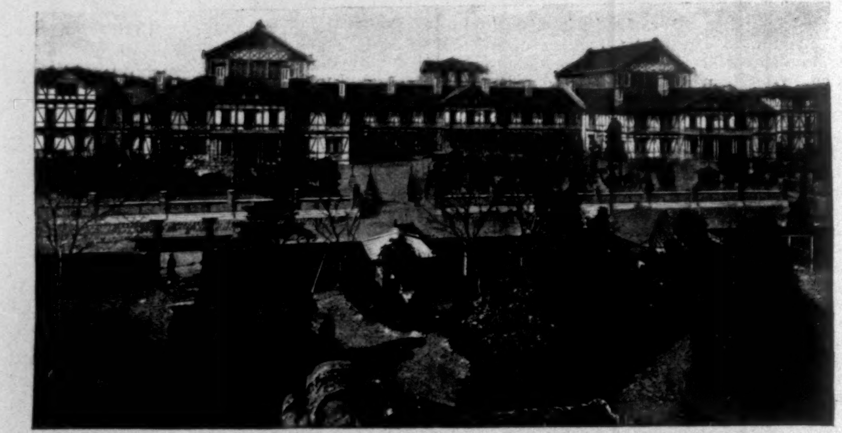
E. S. Martin.



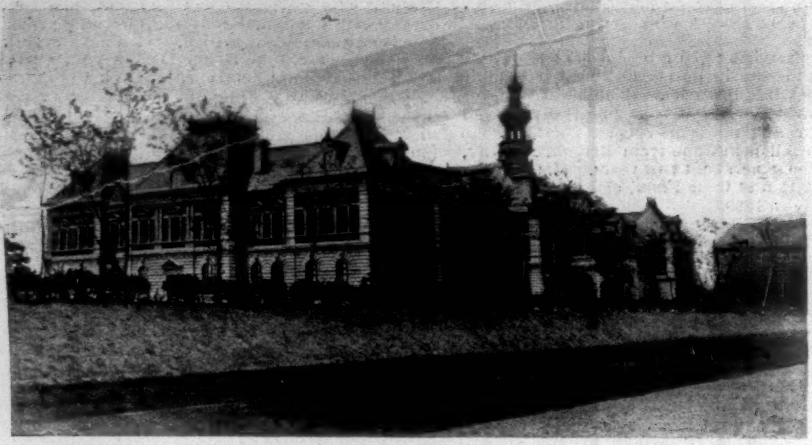
INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.



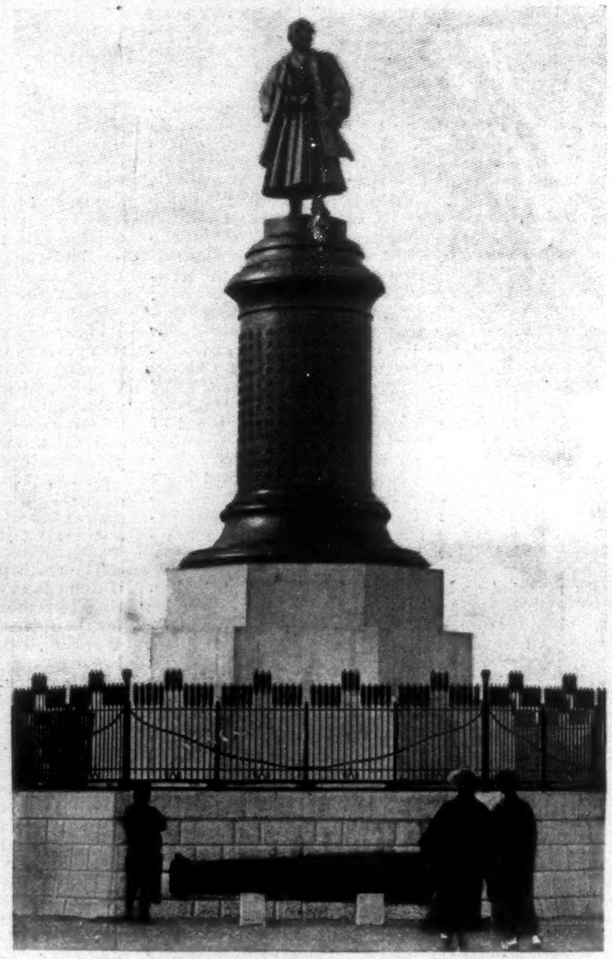
THE PATENT OFFICE.



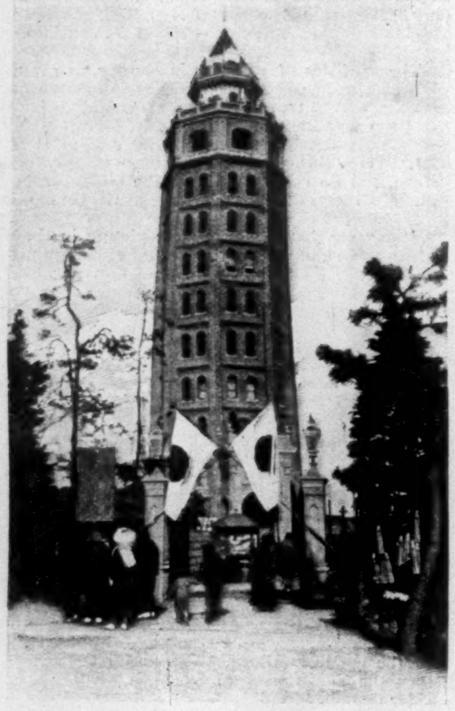
TEMPORARY HOUSES OF THE DIET.



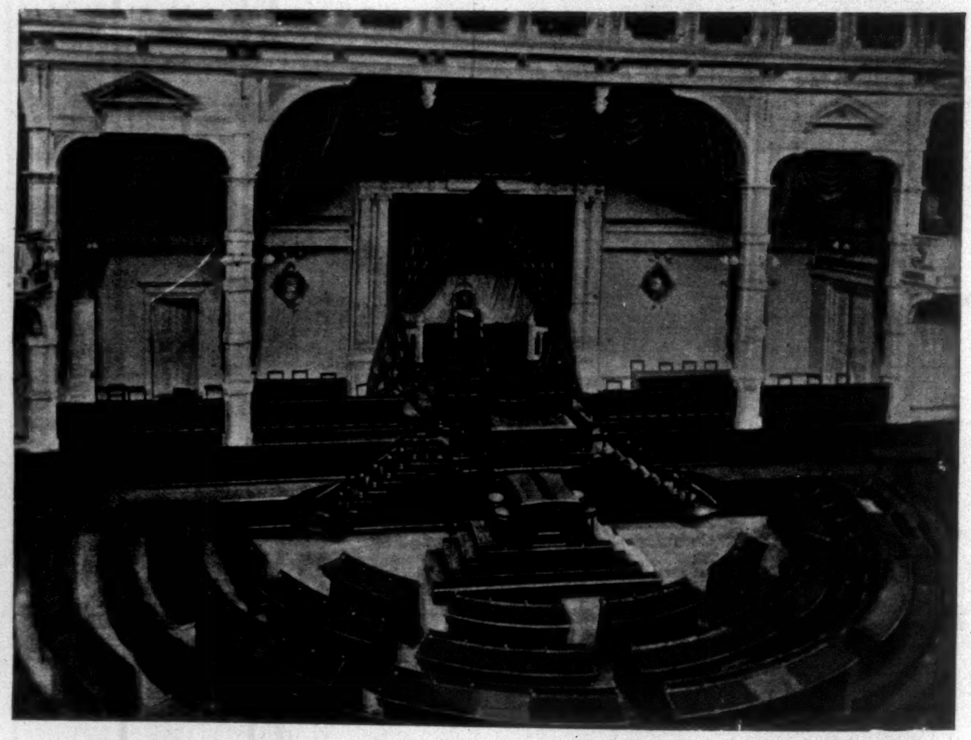
THE NEW MUNICIPAL OFFICES.



MONUMENT TO GENERAL OMURA,
Who introduced the Foreign and Modern Military Systems.

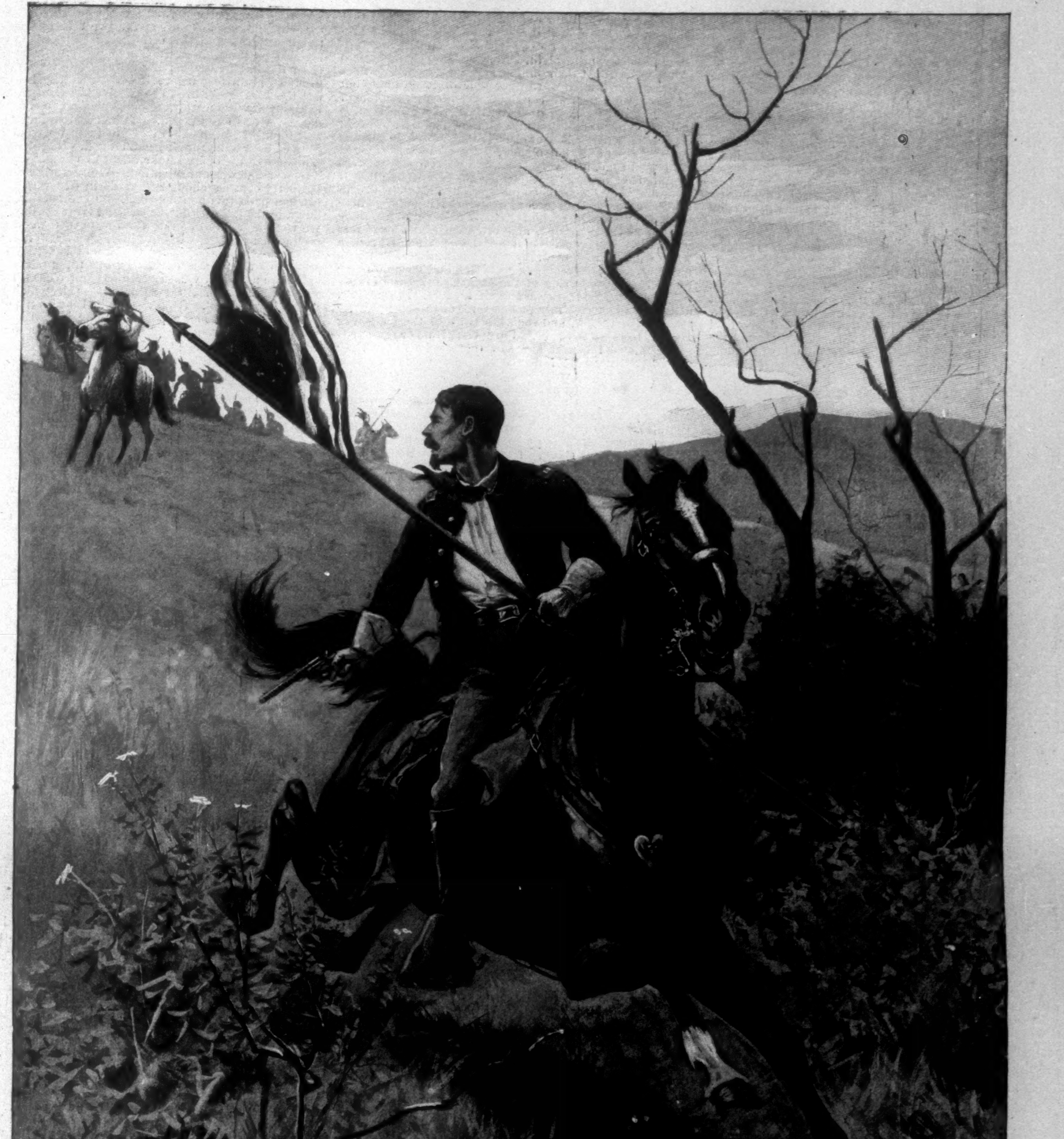


ELEVATOR TOWER AND BAZAR AT ASAKUSA.



INTERIOR OF THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

MODERN DEVELOPMENT IN OLD JAPAN—SCENES IN TOKYO, THE EASTERN CAPITAL.—[SEE PAGE 959.]



"WITH THE GUIDON AND REINS IN MY LEFT HAND, AND REVOLVER IN MY RIGHT, I RODE DOWN THE BANK."

ADVENTURES OF AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY OFFICERS

VI.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LITTLE BIG HORN FIGHT.

"THERE is your horse, Lieutenant."

When the man spoke these words I was kneeling on top of the bank of the dry creek, with seven or eight men, guarding a pony-crossing, to prevent the Indians passing it and flanking the right of our skirmish-line.

"I don't want my horse. Keep him down there."

"They are retreating, sir," said the trumpeter.

"No order has been given for retreat, nor has there been any trumpet call," I replied. But the few men that were with me, when they heard that the command was retreating, ran to their horses, which were standing in the bottom of the creek, and in spite of my orders to remain where they were, they mounted and followed the retreating party. I then came down from the bank and mounted my horse, at the same time cautioning the two or three men who had remained with me to go out together, but they were already anxious and confused. I waited until I saw every man mounted, and as we were about to start I glanced at the top of the bank I had just left, when I saw there, planted in the ground, a guidon. I said to the last man who had mounted his horse, who was also the last man to leave the top of the bank, "Go back and get that guidon," and he answered me: "Guidon be damned, Lieutenant! They are coming close on us!" He put spurs to his horse and away he went. I went back to get the guidon, spurring my horse up the steep bank, and as I reached for the staff I saw, not more than thirty yards in front of me, about twenty-five or thirty Indians coming. When they saw me they fired a volley at me, but too high, and with the guidon and reins in my left hand, and revolver in my right, I rode down the bank and struck off through the thick underbrush of the creek-bottom; and before the Indians that had fired reached the bank I had left I was sufficiently hidden by the underwood to be covered from their shots.

The bottom of this dry creek was probably forty or fifty yards wide. I was going through it as fast as I could, when the guidon became entangled in the branches, and I was obliged to dismount to free the flag and to lead my horse to the south bank of the creek. When the Indians had reached the bank I had left they could hear me going through the brush, but could not see me. They fired many shots at the sound, and the bullets cut the branches all about me, but fortunately none struck me or the horse. Had I followed the open path, I could not have got out of the bottom of the creek without being either killed or wounded.

When I struggled up the steep south bank of the creek, pulling my horse up after me, and reached the top, I was astonished to see there in front of me, and not more than forty or fifty yards distant, hundreds of Indians, all with their backs toward me and shooting at the retreating soldiers. Through the smoke I could distinctly see that my retreating comrades had all crossed the Little Big Horn and reached the hills. I saw then that I was cut off, and expecting the Indians that had fired at me to come out of the woods behind me, I believed that I was lost.

I then decided to cut my way through the Indians who were before me, in the desperate hope that in the confusion, and in their fear of hitting one another, I might pass through the host of savages. At all events, I could kill some of them, and die like an American soldier.

The guidon was in my way, and I threw it down the bank of the creek, and prepared to mount my horse. I had one foot in the stirrup, when a young brave came out of the woods about thirty yards on my right, and as he perceived me, gave a yell and fired. The bullet hit my horse's thigh. The animal made a jump; my foot slipped from the stirrup and the reins from my hand. At that moment the savages in front of me, hearing the shot behind them, turned and saw me. I was now trying to catch my horse. He was between me and the Indians. They fired a volley, which killed my horse, and I made a jump to the bank of the creek, which saved my life. Had I been five or six yards from the bank I could not have reached it alive, but fortunately I was very near. I dropped under the bank, and stood ready to kill any Indian that would be bold enough to look over it. They fired several volleys at the spot where I had dropped, and some of the balls struck the bank over my head, but I was still unhurt.

In two or three minutes I heard a terrible yelling among the Indians, and their firing ceased. Wondering at the cause of the silence, I raised my head cautiously, parted the tall grass on the edge of the bank, and looking through, I saw the Indians all gazing up the river and pointing in that direction. As I looked I saw Captain Benteen's column coming over the hills. Of course I was glad to see this, and hoped that they would come down and charge the enemy and give me the only chance I could have for joining them. But after a few minutes of hope the column disappeared, and at the same time I heard heavy volleys on the other side of the village, and immediately the greater part of the Indians started off in that direction. During the interval between the appearance of Benteen's column and its disappearance Reno's command, which was scattered in confusion over the hills, rallied and came together. I then saw that my only chance was either to follow the bottom of the creek, under cover of the underbrush, get as near as possible to the foot of the hill where Reno was, cross the river and run up the hill, or else to stay in the woods until night and then join my command. The Indians that were left were all on the west side of the stream. From where I was I could distinctly see Reno's command. I believe that a few minutes before Reno's retreat I saw General Custer and two other officers on top of the highest hill on the right hand in front of where I was. He cheered us with his hat. He was dismounted, and soon disappeared.

I was picking my way through the wood, when I heard, in a low voice, "Lieutenant, lieutenant!" I looked around, and there, squatted under the brush, were private O'Neil of G Troop, Mr. Gerard the interpreter, and the scout Jackson. The last two had their horses with them. The brave soldier had had his horse killed in the retreat. I said to the scout and interpreter that they had better let their horses go, as they might neigh and call the attention of the Indians, whom we could see passing to and fro at the edge of the bank of the creek within a few yards from where we were. They declined to do this. I then left them, and told them that I would follow the bottom of the creek and try to reach the foot of the hill. During this time there was heavy firing on the north side of the village. I reached the clearing which I was defending before the retreat, and which was perhaps fifteen or twenty feet wide at the bottom of the creek. I remained at the edge of the clearing, watching for a chance to cross it unperceived by the Indians, who were constantly passing near it, when a buck came right up within a few feet of me. He cut off a switch and went on.

I then saw I was too much exposed, and that I could not cross the clearing without being seen, so I resolved to make my way into the thickest of the brush and to stay there until night. In looking about for a good hiding-place, I found among the débris of drift-wood a hole. I entered it, and took all my pistol cartridges out of my belt, putting them on the ground, ready to use in case of being discovered. I had not been there a minute when I heard two pistol-shots so near that I saw the curling smoke over my head, and soon after I heard the singing of Indian women near by me. I cautiously raised my head, and there, within four or five yards, were five or six squaws mutilating a dead soldier. The two shots I had heard were no doubt fired at the dead man. I felt tempted to fire at them, but thought it better to keep quiet and not fire until I was actually discovered. On further consideration, I thought that if those women were going through the woods searching for dead bodies, they might soon discover me, and I concluded that this would be the time to fire. Pretty soon another squaw, further up the bank, called the women, and they all went away. There was a dead Indian up there, and they mourned over him, and picked him up and carried him away.

Soon after they left I heard a crushing noise, which I thought was made by a number of horses coming through the woods, but I soon discovered that I was mistaken. The Indians had fired the timber, and the smoke soon forced me out of my hiding-place. I moved away a little distance, when I again heard a voice calling "Lieutenant." I advanced toward that welcome sound, and there, under the immense roots of a very large cottonwood-tree projecting over the bank of the main channel of the creek were the three men I had left about an hour before. The two scouts had left their horses where I first met them, but had stuffed some grass into their nostrils to prevent their calling. The fire, which at first had been coming toward us, now travelled in another direction, and soon it began to rain, but not much. We concluded that our best plan was to remain where we were until night, and then, under cover of the darkness, to attempt to join the command on the hill.

I mentioned that soon after the disappearance of Benteen's column I heard the firing of tremendous volleys on the north side of the village. These continuous volleys lasted about twenty minutes, and pretty soon after they ceased a horde of savages returned from the north side of the village and surrounded Reno's command, which had then been re-enforced by the arrival of Benteen's three troops and the troop of MacDougal with the pack-train.

When I saw the return of the savages I imagined that Custer had been defeated, but I thought that he had retreated to where Reno was. The fight on the hill continued all day, until night. About nine o'clock the two scouts went to get their horses, and we started to go out of the woods, intending to go straight to Reno's hill; but we soon found that we could not get through the line of watching Indians without being seen, so we decided to make a détour across the three miles of plain, and to ford the river where we had crossed it that morning. It was a moonlight night, but cloudy. The plain was covered with wild sage, and very sandy. The two scouts were mounted on their horses, and I took hold of the tail of Gerard's, and O'Neil that of the scout Jackson's, and in single file we boldly proceeded to cross the plain. There were many small parties of Indians moving about, some coming and some going, and often we found ourselves within fifty or sixty yards of one of these parties. Of course when we saw them before us we turned aside so as not to meet them, and in passing them O'Neil and I would move up on the opposite side of the horses, so that the enemy could not see that there was any one on foot. In that way, after having successfully passed three of these parties, we reached the timber, and soon the bank of the Little Big Horn. Here we were obliged to deviate from our course.

We missed the ford, and saw that we had struck the river below it, so we followed the bank up the river as closely as the thick woods would permit. We were going in single file, Gerard in front and I holding on by the tail of his horse, when all at once we heard in front of us, "How?" There before us was a squad of Indians. Gerard put his spurs to his horse and I had to let go the tail, and in an instant he had disappeared through the wood. Jackson did the same thing. I dropped on my knees among the briers, holding my pistol ready to fire. The Indians laughed, and called out to the riders to come back, that they were Indians; but when they saw that the fugitives did not answer them, I was convinced by the way they acted that they thought the riders were white men. I was then but three or four yards from the nearest Indian, and could distinctly see them, as I had the sky to help me. For a little while they talked among themselves in a low tone of voice, and then seemed to decide to go on. They passed in single file within three or four yards of me, and I counted thirteen of them. I immediately saw that I had the advantage of them. They evidently had not discovered me, never for a moment imagining that behind each rider there was a man on foot. I could see them, and if one of them discovered me, could have killed him and then run away through the thick underbrush.

After they had passed me and had gone so far that I could no longer hear them, I rose up from the ground and called for O'Neil. About ten yards behind me O'Neil rose and answered me. "By the gods! that was pretty close, Lieutenant," he said. I said to him, "O'Neil, this timber is full of Indians; let us proceed very cautiously to the ford." We did so, but when we reached that place we found an Indian picket there. We then determined to hide ourselves in the thickest part of the underbrush, and only a few yards from the river, and to wait there for daylight. It was now about one o'clock in the morning.

We found a good place and secreted ourselves. At about three o'clock A.M. we could hear a loud noise of women, children, and dogs, and the grating of travoises. The village was evidently moving up the river, and was passing only about one hundred yards from us. Very soon we could hear close to us some horses crossing the river. We could distinctly hear the clicking of the horses' shoes on the gravel bed of the river. At this point the river ran at the foot of the hill, and we imagined that these horsemen must be some of our party who were crossing to the west side of the stream, so we crawled to the bank of the river; and there on the other side—that is, on the east side—we could see some mounted men dressed in buckskins and blue blouses, with white sombreros, mounted evidently on American horses, but we could not understand why they were crossing east. We stood there watching them. Some were going up the hill opposite to us, and some were following the east bank of the river. From where we were we could not see where they were crossing, as the river made a bend immediately below us. The hill interrupted the light, so that although we could see these people and recognize the horses and riders and their dress, we could not distinguish their features. Pretty soon I noticed one rider dressed in buckskin and mounted on a sorrel horse with four white legs. I was sure the man was Captain Custer, as he was dressed as the captain had been, and mounted on his own horse. I got up from the ground and called the captain. At the sound of my voice all of the party, those who were going up the hill and those that were on the bank of the river, stopped. They looked, but could not see me, as I was surrounded by brush. I then raised my hat and waved it, when a yell and a volley told us that they were Indians. We immediately rushed through the brush, but those who were on the hill fired whenever they saw the branches moving. A party of them rushed back across the river, and I saw that if we could not get across a little opening in the wood we should be killed by those on top of the hill. When we reached the edge of the wood, before attempting to cross the clearing, I kneeled down close behind two large cottonwood stumps and looked down the clearing.

I then saw it was too late to attempt to cross, as a party of the Indians were coming up near the edge of the brush; so I said to O'Neil: "Put your pistol down here so that I may use it, and you use the carbine and stand our ground here. Don't fire until they are close to us. Every shot must count." I rested my pistol on the top of the stump, and O'Neil did the same with the carbine on top of his stump, about a yard from me and above me, and we resolved to try our desperate chances. Soon the foremost Indian had approached within five yards of me, evidently having no idea where we were. I fired, and he turned, went about ten yards, and dropped dead. The others behind him turned immediately, when O'Neil fired his carbine at the nearest one. He jumped out of the saddle, part of the long tail of his war-bonnet was left hanging to the nearest branch, and another dead Indian lay on the ground. During this time the party on the hill continued to fire into the brush, but from where they were they could not see us. About four yards behind us was an immense fallen cottonwood-tree lying horizontally about three feet from the ground. We passed under it to reach where we were. Indians on the hill had seen the two puffs of smoke from our two shots, and they then fired in that direction. The retreating party went across the clearing opposite to us, and there began to fire at the two stumps. For over two hours we stood this cross-firing, cramped up behind the stumps, but we were fortunately covered from the fire from the hill by the big dead tree. Bullets struck the ground only a few inches from our feet. However, at last the Indians set fire to the woods above us and below us, and pretty soon we were obliged either to come out of our cover or to be burned. We decided to face the fire, and took off our blouses and put them over our heads, jumped across the running flames, and, without stopping, ran through the dense smoke about five hundred yards.

The smoke was our salvation. We reached a cluster of bullberry-bushes about ten yards in diameter that the fire had passed without burning. We entered this, and lay down in the tall grass and remained there all day. Here we were in a sort of oasis, for the burned wood was all around us. There, without speaking or moving, we remained until nine o'clock on the 26th of June. We could see about three hundred yards from us, on a small conical hill, an Indian vidette. About four o'clock P.M. this vidette fired his pistol three times in the air, which I interpreted as a signal. Soon after this I heard a powerful voice calling out, and a party of three hundred or more warriors came from the hill, about two miles down the river, where we could see them keeping up a skirmish fire, and singing a peculiar chant. They passed within three hundred yards of us, and disappeared up the river. About an hour later the same vidette fired three more pistol-shots, and left his place. The same powerful voice, and as many more warriors came together, and left like the first party. Still we could see a few Indians keep up a firing, but every little while a few would leave and follow the two large parties. We were now hopeful that they would retreat and abandon the ground. By 6.30 in the evening they had gone, so far as we could see from our position, but we prudently remained where we were until it was night — a clouded night, but not so dark as was the previous one. The firing had ceased at about 6.30. The Indians were gone, and there was perfect silence. We concluded that the regiment must have left, and if they had done so, we were planning how we could join them, dismounted as we were, and they having evidently three or four hours the start of us. We had not tasted food nor drink for nearly forty hours; that night was our third without a wink of sleep; our only chance to travel was at night, and we were at least one hundred miles from the Yellowstone River. Our condition may be imagined. Hungry, exhausted from the want of sleep, and a whole night's march before us, and no prospects for any food.

As I was thinking of this, I remembered that about twelve miles from us, the morning before the disaster, some of us officers went to look at a dead buffalo that lay a few yards from the column to see how long the animal had been killed, and we saw that the brute had not been killed more than an hour before. It struck me that we could march to that dead buffalo, and find some of the meat still good enough for us to make a meal of, and then go to a good hiding-place and sleep all day, and on the following night take up our march to the Yellowstone River. After making this decision we started for the place, and marching five miles, we came to the foot of a very high conical hill. O'Neil was exhausted and wanted to take a rest, so I told him to do so, while I went to the top of the hill and looked around the country. The moon was out, and I thought I might see some traces of the regiment.

While I was looking at the horizon about me I spied a fire to the northward and in the direction of the Indian village and the hill where Reno was. I called O'Neil, but he was sound asleep. I woke him up, and together we went on top of the hill. I pointed out the fire, that sometimes was to be seen plainly and sometimes would disappear, and I argued that this disappearance was probably caused by somebody moving around the fire, and that where the fire was must be people; I decided that it was better to go cautiously toward that fire. If it was our regiment, we would be all right; if not, we would find there the traces of the regiment, some dead horses that we could make a meal of, and then follow the trail of the command. We cautiously directed our march toward the fire. The country was very broken, up and down hill, and many ravines, and every time we came to an elevation we could see the fire more distinctly. Sometimes we would sit down to listen and watch the surroundings. I thought that if Reno's command was still there, perhaps it was still surrounded by the Indians, and if so we must be very careful in approaching it, as to join them we should have to pass through the Indian line. At last, in one of our halts, we heard the braying of a mule—a very familiar noise, and a good sign that there were some beings in the neighborhood. We listened, and pretty soon we could hear that peculiar noise made by cavalry troops, indescribable, but still understood by a practised campaigner's ear. We approached still nearer, until I heard distinctly the noise of a side-line and the murmur of voices.

Very cautiously we went on, until we could see men standing before the fire and recognize their Caucasian voices. Advancing still more cautiously, I distinctly recognized the voice of Lieutenant Varnum, now captain, a brave and brilliant officer in the Seventh Cavalry. He has received mention as such in the last Wounded Knee fight. We then felt sure that Reno and, probably, Custer were there; but, as I have already said, we thought they might still be surrounded by Indians, so we crawled cautiously, and when we got within one hundred yards of the visible party I thought that if there were any Indians around, and we could call out to the picket not to fire and who we were, we would at the same time call the attention of the enemy. So we looked up toward the picket party to scan the ground and prepare for a run. Soon after I called out to the picket who we were: "Oh, picket, don't fire! It is Lieutenant De Rudio and private O'Neil," and we started to run up. No Indians were there. A cheer from the picket was answered all over the line. Tired and famished, we were furnished with crackers and coffee, and I related my adventures to Captain Varnum. It was about 3 A.M., the 27th of June.

My name was down as one of the casualties, but fortunately the bearer of the despatch could not go, and returned about an hour after me. I was the first man to ford the Little Big Horn going west, and the last to ford it going east.

Charles De Rudio, Captain Seventh Cavalry.

NEWS FROM THE KLONDIKE.

LETTER AND ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

III.—ON THE WAY TO THE GOLD-FIELDS—CONDITIONS AT SKAGWAY.

SKAGWAY BAY, ALASKA, *August 20.*

AN hour or two stop at quaint Juneau gave many of us an opportunity to add to our outfits. Juneau claims to be the proper place for miners to outfit, as it is nearer the Yukon, and many of the shopkeepers are old miners who understand thoroughly the wants of those going to the gold-fields.

It was the opinion of all that prices at Juneau were reasonable. Oil-skin coats that sell for $2 in New York, and for $3 50 in Victoria, sold for $3 in Juneau; but our Canadian woollens gave us better value than the American. We found the stores thoroughly drained of snow-shoes, a pair of second-hand worn-out Montreal shoes selling for $3 50. The rush has taken Juneau people by surprise, but by spring they expect to have full lines of clothing and supplies to meet any demand. Hair-seal boots, mitts, and low moccasins, as well as fur caps made of marmot (sold as pup wolf), black-fox feet, and hair-seal, are sold by squaws, who await the arrival of each steamer. The boots have tops that reach to the knee, and sell for any price down to $2 30. Fur robes of all kinds have been taken up. The hair-seal is not to be confused with the fur-seal. The skin is covered with short, glistening, mottled, yellowish hair, is full of oil, and is said to be water-proof.

It was raining a steady drizzle in Juneau. We seemed to have entered a land of perpetual fogs and rain, and our hearts sank as we thought of Skagway. My greatest apprehension was about photography, which seemed hardly practicable.

As we drew near the entrance of Lynn Canal, which branches off to the right from Glacier Bay, we ran into a bank of fog, and the captain came to and dropped anchor.

At 10.30 o'clock a meeting of the passengers was called to act upon the suggestions of the customs officer and to devise plans for the landing of our stuff. The steamship only undertakes to deliver passengers and freight at Skagway Bay. The work of landing the freight must be done by the passengers; the steamship people refuse to assume any responsibility. Accordingly, after a lengthy discussion, during the course of which all the kickers had something to say, it was resolved to appoint a committee of three to devise plans for the unloading of the goods, and with power to add as many as necessary to their number. The following is a copy of the minutes of the committee:

"Minutes of the first meeting of committee, composed of Messrs. Arthur T. Genest, William MacIntosh, and George W. Young, appointed by the passengers to form and execute plans for the landing and protection of the freight—held on board the steamship *Islander* on August 19, 1897, at 11 P.M.

"The meeting was called to order by Mr. Genest, who was chosen chairman. Mr. L. B. Garside was made the secretary of the committee. After discussion, the following plan was decided upon:

"Upon arriving at Skagway a representative of the committee will go ashore and select a suitable place on the beach for landing and distributing the goods. This will be enclosed by ropes, and the enclosure will be policed by a committee of fifteen, armed with rifles, and doing duty in police shifts of eight hours each. No goods can be removed from the enclosure except upon a written order of the committee. On board ship, Messrs. S. A. Hall and J. Robinson will check the goods as unloaded and sent ashore, and on shore the goods received will be checked by Messrs. D. Orsonnens and N. B. Forrest. Fifty volunteers will receive goods as landed, and in conjunction with the subcommittee, distribute and arrange the same. Messrs. William Fuller and Duncan MacDonald will police the boat until freight and baggage are discharged. The meeting then adjourned.

"*August 20, 1897.*—Further arrangements made by the committee this morning consisted in the appointment of Mr. J. W. Beall as Chief of Police in the enclosure, with instructions to appoint his assistants. The previous plans were modified to the extent of dispensing with the issuance of an order of the committee as a prerequisite to the removal of goods from the enclosure; and it was decided to allow such removed upon proper identification and receipt to Mr. Beall. Messrs. Brosseau, McKenzie, and Rivard were selected to accompany the committee on shore to choose a location for the enclosure."

To-night hardly anything is talked about but plans of landing. Every moment, as we approach our destination, our anxiety increases. Everybody had interviewed somebody, and everybody who was not interviewed volunteered something to say. No two stories agreed, so far as I could learn, save that all told one story of trouble and hardship past comprehension. One man was discovered who had just come from Skagway, and he said the trail was all right and the baggage was slowly being packed across. We came to the conclusion that either there are no liars like those of Alaska, or that the people here are very ignorant. Information is no more to be trusted here than in Victoria. Every one throws up his hands in disgust and says, "We will know what it is like when we get there, and not before."

This morning, the 20th, the sun broke through the dense banks of clouds that rested on the frowning hills, the fog lifted a bit, the anchor was weighed, and we steamed onward.

After breakfast an address of appreciation, signed by 154 of the passengers, was presented to Captain Irving, who responded with wishes for our success, and his hope of meeting us all next year, and of bringing out our gold on the steamer that he will take up the Yukon in the summer; and we ended by singing "Oh! he's a jolly good fellow," and then a "Hip! hip! hooray!" and a tiger.

After this display of hilarity we all set to work putting our packs in shape, and the conversation resumed its quite serious tone. There was much talk about the *Bristol*, some hoping we had passed her; but soon those who were on the lookout at the bow reported a vessel ahead, and as we drew near her we saw other vessels, and beyond them a faint streak of white sparkling in the fitful sunlight across a little valley at the edge of a bight on the right hand, with the steep hills rising on each side, their tops lost in the canopy of clouds. Beyond the line of white were green trees, and far away stretched a level valley, winding among the hills, growing blue in the distance. It is Skagway Bay; and it is White Pass that lies far away in the distance. As we steamed slowly into the little bay the white streak resolved itself into tents, a city of tents, stretched across a plain hardly a quarter of a mile wide, level, and presenting a straight front to the bay.

The *Bristol* lay at anchor, having arrived three or four hours ahead of us. Her rails were black with men, who reported all well, and after a while the voice of Burghardt shouted over the short interval of water the good news that our horses were all right.

The *Bristol* had begun to unload her horses and hay in large scows, which were being towed in by row-boats to the beach, which was also crowded with moving figures. The beach is low, and runs out several hundred yards, and then drops off into deep water. At low tide the whole beach is uncovered, so the steamers lie outside, and try to unload their freight at high tide. Our vessel was soon surrounded by a fleet of row-boats and large Siwash canoes, trying to pick up passengers. In crowds on the deck we stood gazing in wonder at the scene before us. We were yet too far off to see things distinctly. The captain went ashore for a customs officer. Others were eager to follow. No attempt is to be made to unload to-day, though the weather is beautiful. Few of us have the inclination to look at the truly grand scenery with which we are surrounded. Snow- and glacier-capped mountains, rising thousands of feet up from green sparkling water, burying their lofty heads in soft cottony clouds, are for other eyes than those of miners excited by the preparation for the real commencement of the journey. I went ashore with two others—and such a scene as meets the eye! It is simply bewildering, it is all so strange. There are great crowds of men rowing in boats to the beach, then clambering out in rubber boots and packing the stuff, and setting it down in little piles out of reach of the tide. Here are little groups of men resting with their outfits. Horses are tethered out singly and in groups. Tents there are of every size and kind, and men cooking over large sheet-iron stoves set up outside. The tents are pitched without any regularity, and behind these are more tents and men, and piles of merchandise, hay, bacon smoking, men loading bags and bales of hay upon horses and starting off, leading from one to three animals along a sort of lane—which seems much travelled—in the direction of a grove of small cottonwoods, beyond which lies the trail toward White Pass. Everybody is on the move, excepting those just arrived, and each is intent upon his own business. There are some twenty-five hundred people here, stretched along the road between the bay and the summit. There are not over one hundred tents here at Skagway, but there might be more than five hundred persons actually in the town.

Rough frame buildings are going up as quickly as men can handle scantling, and as fast as they are finished they are turned into stores or warehouses. There are three or four hotels or restaurants; and a United States flag flying over a tent is evidence of the presence of a United States Court Commissioner—the only representative of government here, save that organized by the miners themselves. A large sign indicates the location of the correspondents of enterprising newspapers, and the half a dozen newspaper men here gave us a hearty welcome. Men and horses are travelling to and fro in a never-ending stream. There are a number of women; such as I met being wives who are accompanying their husbands thus far, and most of whom will return.

Signs are out announcing "Outfits bought and sold." Discouraged men are coming down from the trail, and they have but one story to tell—of terrible hardship, horses falling right and left, seventeen in one place; the road, if it can be called a road, in terrible condition; not one in ten will get over.

I talked with one or two determined fellows who came down to the boat, and who had their pack-trains in on the trail. From these I heard a different story. In all I have talked with five or six good men, and they all agree that there is plenty of trouble.

"The road is good for four or five miles; it is a regular cinch; after that hell begins."

Some say that not one in ten will get over. These are the alarmists and the excited ones. A more conservative estimate is that only four out of ten will get through. One party of two were building a scow, and when I got back to the boat they loaded all their belongings on it and paddled over to the steamer, where they held a long talk with our men, announcing that they were bound for Dyea and Chilkoot Pass. They claimed the pass here is blocked, while men are moving over the Chilkoot, even if slowly. As they paddled away we admired their pluck and gave them a rousing cheer. They did not look like strong men, but they smoked their pipes bravely. All their stuff was loaded on the scow, sinking it low in the water. There were sacks and boxes and two buggy-wheels, with which they mean to make a narrow push-cart. It is pitiful. Their last word was, "Well, boys, we will meet you on the other side of the mountains!" We wondered if they would.

The news of the blockade up the pass here is having a discouraging effect on the men. They are earnestly discussing the situation. The Mounted Police and their seventy-four horses are all right, and my eight horses for the outfit of three, they say, are all right; and every one says *we* will get over. We have now got authentic information from experienced men who are putting their stuff over the trail. I asked them what was the cause of the trouble; and from all whose opinion is worth any consideration I received but one reply:

"*It is due wholly to the inexperience of those who are trying to go over.* They come from desks and counters; they have never packed, and are not even accustomed to hard labor."

One party, now within four miles of the top, took in ten horses. They lost four by overloading; then they reduced the weight to 150 pounds per horse. The roads are said to be shelving, and the horses slip and break their legs, and have to be shot. To-day two horses mired, fell, and smothered before their clumsy owners could get their heads clear. I have traced the conflicting stories to this point:

This is an army. Those in front are stubbornly fighting their way; they are moving slowly, but they will get over. Behind these are the stragglers, who in turn become the beaten rabble in the rear of the fight. Those up the pass are cool, experienced men, and they are keeping their heads. One man says: "Why, those who are making the most talk are here yet. They have not been out of Skagway; but they get upon a stump and look around, and think they have seen the whole business."

Men have come without horses, and without money to pay the high price for packing—at present 35 cents per pound. They are leaving for Chilkoot, or else selling their outfits for what they can get. Flour in the sack has just been selling for 35 cents per hundredweight. Bacon, 5 cents per pound. On the other hand, horseshoe nails have been sold for 25 cents a piece. Horses have been selling up to yesterday for $200; to-day they are selling for from $125 to $150, poor ones at that. In four or five days, it is said by those who have been on the ground some time, they will hardly be worth anything. At the summit they are not worth 20 cents. Those who brought but one horse are grieving that they did not bring more. A week ago a man could have cleared from $100 to $150 per horse. There are more ways of making money than by going to Klondike.

The story of inexperience told here is no surprise. It was foreshown in the very horses that were being bought and brought up here. During the three-quarters of an hour I spent ashore I saw the following:

One horse in a cart suddenly kicked, ran into a pile of hay, broke loose, and started across town, taking the corners of two or three tents. After galloping about among the frail habitations he was finally caught and led back. Another horse, tied to a log fifteen feet long and six inches through, began to jerk and jump, and went for a hundred yards cavorting down the main street, dragging another horse that was hitched to the same log. A horse with a load of two small bundles of hay suddenly fell down, lay there a moment, then got up and fell again. This was on level ground with a light load.

Every man is armed—all with revolvers, some with repeating-rifles. One facetious packer who came down to the boat said: "There are more inexperienced men to the square foot than in any place I have ever been to, and more double-action revolvers. They ought to have left them at home. It would be a charity for Mr. Constantine to take them all away, for they will be shooting themselves."

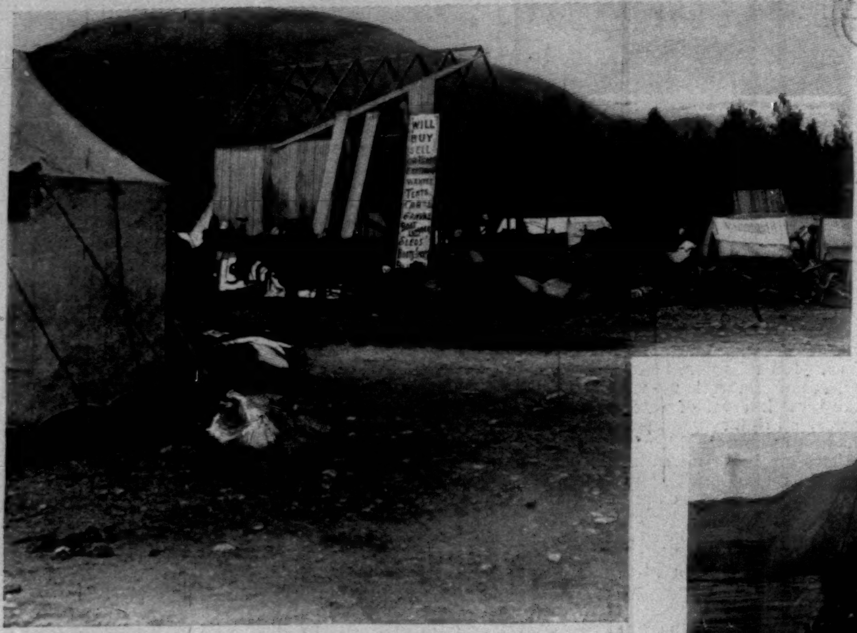
Even at this short distance it is impossible to learn anything beyond one's eye. There are scows making their way over to Chilkoot, which is only four miles away; and at the same time boat-loads of men are coming over here from Dyea. Some say the trail there is good; others say they would not pack there for $10 per ton.

It will be several days before the pack-trains can get well under way. If we accompany the Mounted Police, as we have been courteously invited to do, there will be time to go over to Dyea and to see the Chilkoot Pass. Hardly one of those who have failed and will fail to get across the pass this year would have been placed in his pitiful position had he listened to good advice. It is rather soon to speak thus of a trail one has not seen, or of hardships one has not encountered; but persons have gone over the trail, and they are the ones who planned beforehand for their needs, who had experience of their own, and who listened to good advice. The others blindly crowded onward, ignorant of their needs, yet hopeful, and trusting that when they got here there would be some miraculous means to help them over. How many of the 140 odd who are starting from this ship will see the summit of White Pass? Or, if fortune favors them and they reach the lakes, how many will reach their journey's end? The question is on every one's lips. Each new-comer from up the trail is received with the anxious query: "What are the chances of getting over?" The only answer that can be given is, "It depends upon what you are."

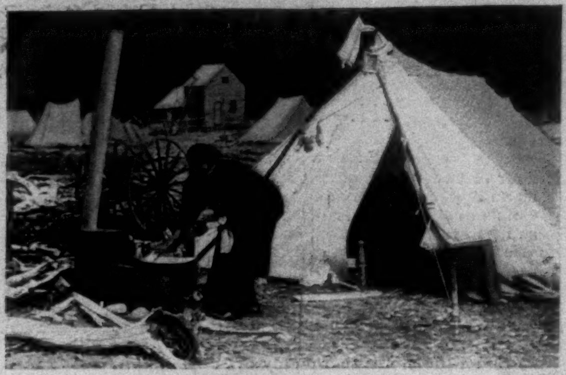
Morning of the 21st of August.

At dawn a call of "Get up; the horses are being taken ashore!" resounds over the ship. A large scow is ranged alongside the vessel, and the horses are taken on and ferried to the beach, where they are dumped ashore into shallow water. We notice that men from the *Bristol* are taking horses part way, then dumping them overboard and swimming them ashore. Our tent was already set up in the middle of the town, and after we had waded our horses ashore, each man looking after his own, we got our personal effects ashore in small boats that hang around the ship to pick up jobs of ferrying at 25 cents per man.

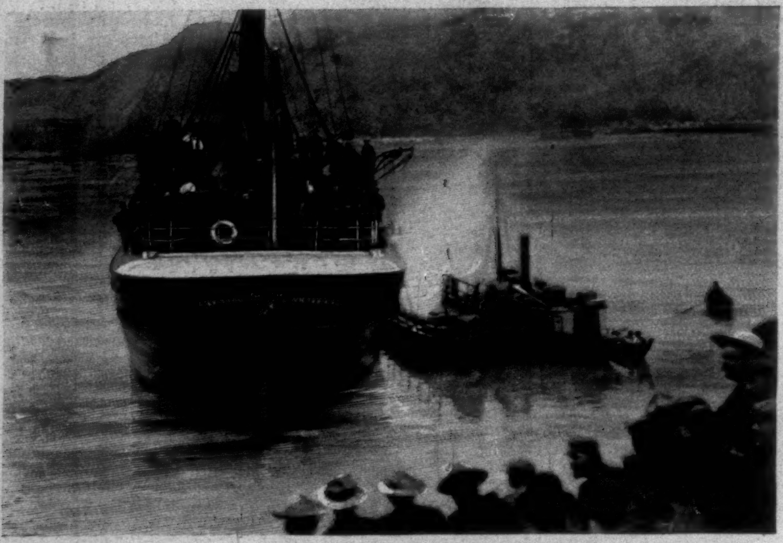
It is impossible to find any two men to agree upon any detail about the pass. It is tolerably certain that the road for four miles or so to the foot of the hill is fairly good; after that it is only described in words not fit to be heard. It is probable that there are several very bad steep places this side of the summit. Some who are working there say the way is to take a light load on the pack-train all the way in without a stop. Next moment another, equally to be credited, advises to move the whole outfit gradually, short stages at a time. One says but one horse can be led at a time over these places; another says three can be handled by one man; while still another lets the horses pick their own way. One packer told of a remarkable escape at a cliff—and it was corroborated by others—of his horse falling forty feet; when they got down to him he was eating grass, and the lunch-box on his back was undamaged. The day before, two men and three horses fell over the same place. My informant is seven miles from the top. He says, "I mean to go over if it takes all winter." He added: "We are going right on about our business. We do not



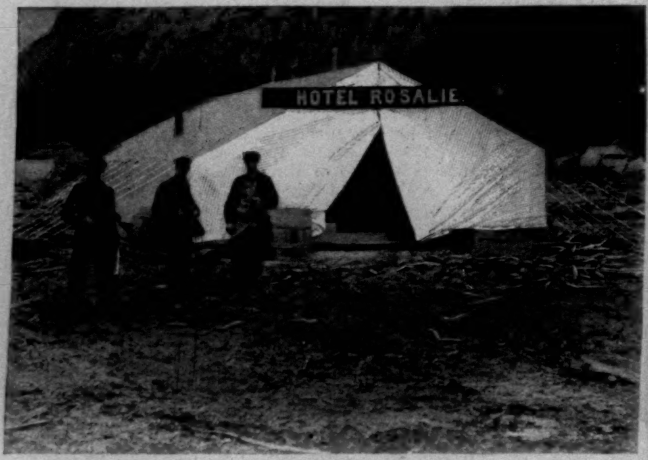
A SKAGWAY "SKY-SCRAPER" IN COURSE OF ERECTION.



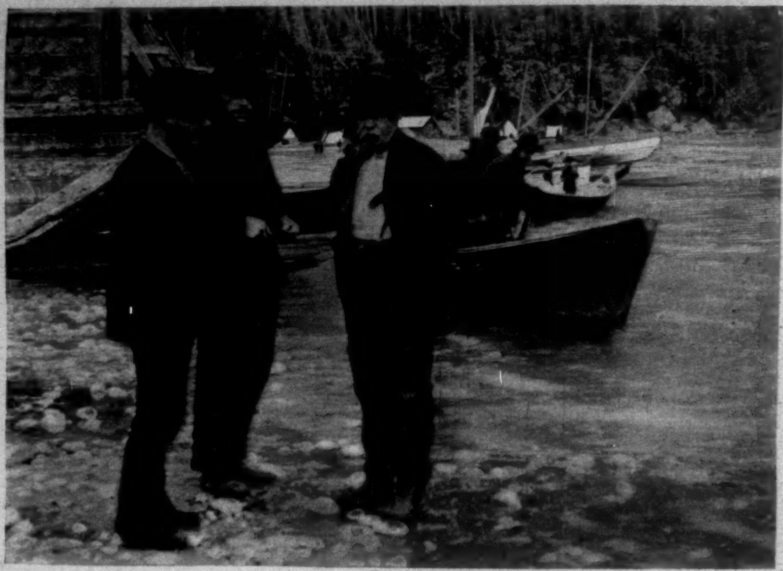
A MINER'S WIFE.



UNLADING THE STEAMSHIP "BRISTOL."
Photograph taken from the Deck of the *Islander*.

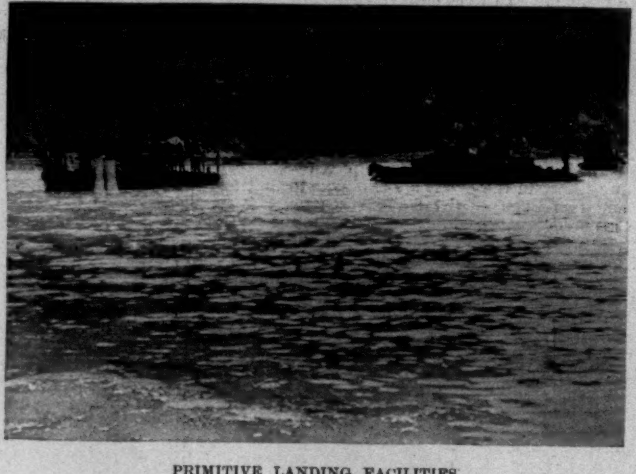


A LEADING HOTEL.

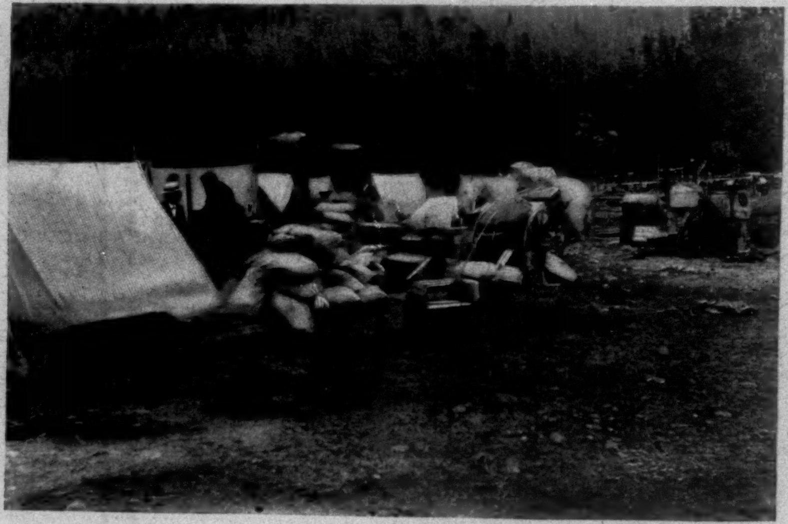


DISCOURAGED KLONDIKERS AT THE LANDING-PLACE.

MINERS GUARDING OUTFITS JUST LANDED.

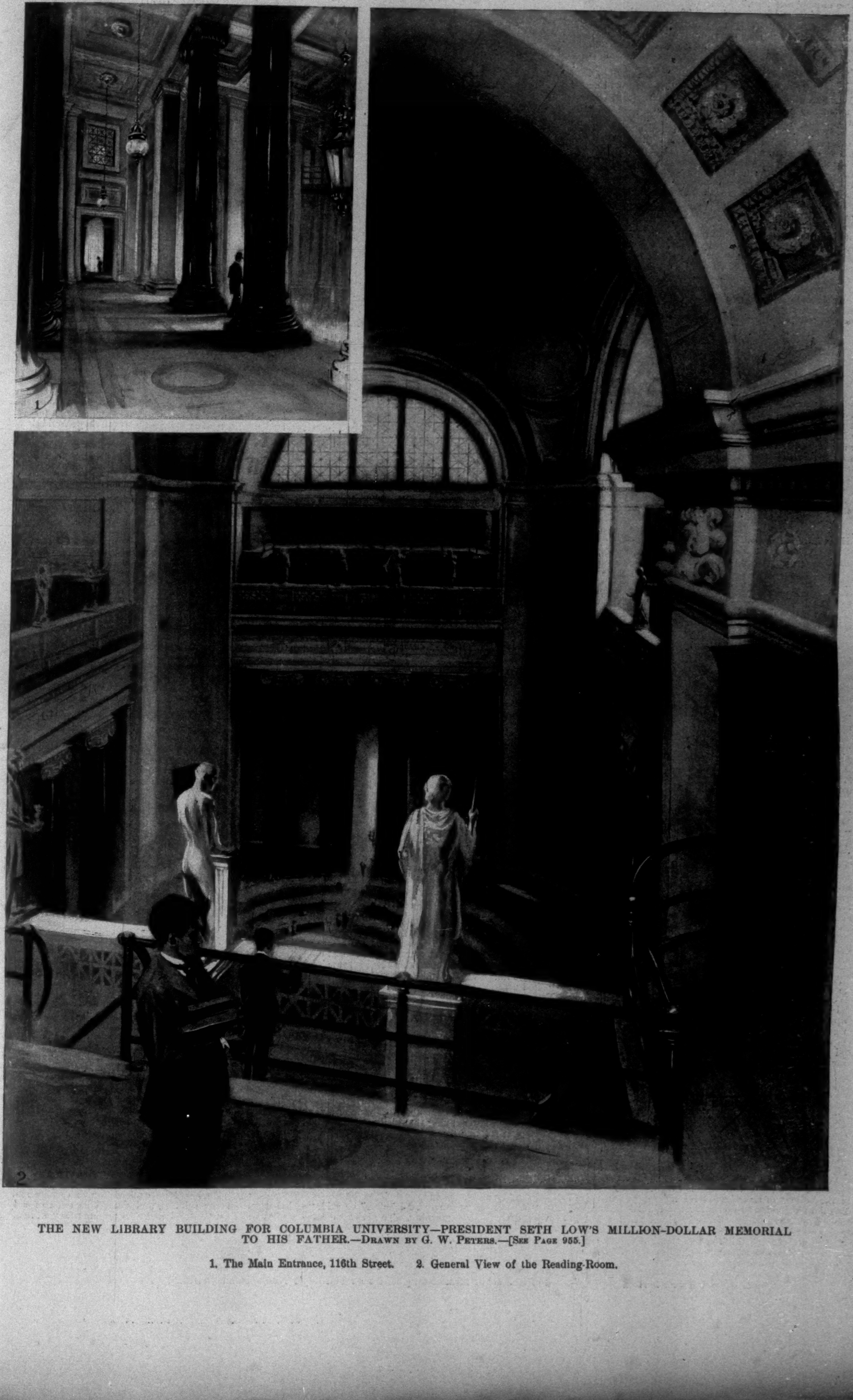


PRIMITIVE LANDING FACILITIES.
Steamship to Scow; Scow to Wagon; Wagon to Shore.



MINERS' OUTFITS WAITING TO BE PACKED OVER THE TRAIL.

ON THE WAY TO THE KLONDIKE GOLD-FIELDS—SKAGWAY, ALASKA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY TAPPAN ADNEY, SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."—[SEE PAGE 951.]



THE NEW LIBRARY BUILDING FOR COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY—PRESIDENT SETH LOW'S MILLION-DOLLAR MEMORIAL TO HIS FATHER.—Drawn by G. W. Peters.—[See Page 955.]

1. The Main Entrance, 116th Street. 2. General View of the Reading-Room.

come down here to town nights and get up late and tired. We get out early, at four o'clock. We do not come down to these miners' meetings."

A party of two arrived on the *Alki* from Seattle on the 11th without horses, hired five men at $7 a day with feed and blankets, and are near the summit, preferring to pay such wages rather than to pay for a pack-train at from 25 to 30 cents per pound. Their outfit weighs 1200 pounds each. One of them was a barber.

Those who have landed the 109 horses from the *Islander*, and the several times that from the *Bristol*, are in an anxious frame of mind. Word has been circulated that a duty of $30 per horse would be assessed on all Canadian horses. What this means to many who are short of money cannot be estimated. But the customs officer here is quite alone, and it will be a difficult thing for him to collect the tax from so many. He said to me:

"We think we have made a great concession when we allow Canadian outfits to be used here at all (like tents and blankets). You can lead your horses over the trail to the summit, but you may not put packs on their backs. It hurts me more than I can express to have to do this, but I have my instructions; they are clear and explicit, and I have no other course before me."

Just how one man is going to handle so many, particularly as our horses are all landed and scattered among the others, I do not see. As the horses are here for the purpose of packing over, and there is little or no hope of getting over without them, the consequences of this action may be imagined. The officer here has received his instructions, and clearly has no other course to pursue. This course appears to him the more reasonable in that few horses are reaching the summit, where they are worthless for packing, if not dead. Before the boat sails which takes this letter I shall get on a horse and go up the trail as far as I can get. The weather now is perfect. There is not a cloud in the clear blue sky, and the sun makes it comfortably hot in the tent. The daylight lasts so long here that conditions could not possibly be better or more encouraging. After a rain, or during the thick weather that has lately prevailed, the impression might be different.

There is no post-office here, but there is a place where letters can be deposited. Everything is orderly, save for the fractious horses. The attention to one's outfit makes such demands that I have not yet sampled the several hotels here. By the next mail I shall have accounts of the more characteristic features of the place.

Tappan Adney.

"THE VINTAGE."*

A STORY OF THE GREEK WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

BY E. F. BENSON,

Author of "Dodo," "Limitations," "The Judgment Books," etc.

CHAPTER XIV.

The next two days Mitsos spent in learning the working of the fire-ship, the details of which will appear later. Every morning before daybreak Nicholas used to leave the village and lie hidden in the pine woods on the hills above, returning with Mitsos at nightfall. But on the second evening, as they got near the house, they saw a Turkish soldier standing in the road, himself on horseback, and holding two other horses. Nicholas stepped quickly out of the moonlight into the shadow, and beckoned to Mitsos to do the same.

"This means trouble," he said. "I knew it; I knew it. Go you in, Mitsos, and I will wait in the alder clump by the mill, going out of the village, for there will be news for you to bring me."

And he stole along in the shadow of the wall until he was out of sight.

Mitsos waited until he was gone, and then walked forward, whistling the while. At the gate the soldier stopped him.

"There is no passing," he said.

Mitsos stared.

"Ugh, cross-legged one!" he said, rudely and cheerfully. "But why should I not see my uncle?"

"There is no passing," said the Turk, and with that he drew out his pistol.

Mitsos hesitated a moment. He was quite willing to rush in and take his chance of the bullet going wide, for he held the Turks in light esteem as marksmen since the adventure with Yanni, but he doubted the wisdom of the scheme, for there were, as the horses showed, at least two more inside. So he turned on his heel and said:

"I shall go back home, then. Shall I find more little men there, saying I may not see my father? Go home too, my little man, if you are wise, and eat sweets with the women of your master's harem and wash your face."

The man answered nothing, for he knew well that to fire a shot in a village of the Mavromichales was to put his own head into a nest of hornets that stung sore. They had entered the village very quietly after dark, so as not to provoke any attention, and had been fortunate enough to get to Petrobey's house without being noticed. Mitsos went along quietly enough till he was out of sight, and then ran as he had never run before to the alder clump where he would find Nicholas.

"Quick! quick!" he whispered. "Tell me what to do. There are Turkish soldiers at Petrobey's, and they will not let me in. Oh, uncle, this bodes no good for Yanni! What shall I do?"

"Ah, it is even so," said Nicholas. "Sit you, Mitsos, and let me think."

From force of habit he filled his pipe, but held it in his mouth unlit, and for five minutes or so they sat quite silent. At last Nicholas spoke.

"I make no doubt what has happened," he said, "and it is all bad. These men have come to Petrobey from Mehemet Salik, and it means his arrest. They have him in the hollow of their hand; for if he goes not, there is Yanni in Tripoli, and go he must. What is before us is this: Yanni must be got out of Tripoli at once, and Petrobey must escape on his way there. How shall we do it? Oh, little Mitsos, think as you thought before, and ask the Blessed Saints to speak to you and me!" Nicholas crushed his hands to his temples. "And that is not all," he added. "The clan must be warned at once what has happened; and it is useless for them to attempt the rescue of Petros before Yanni is out of Tripoli, for so his life will be forfeit. And I too, I must—ah, I shall give myself up to those Turks."

"But why, Uncle Nicholas?" asked Mitsos, fairly puzzled.

"Because it is easier for two men to escape than one, and also because, if they get away from the village with me and Petrobey, without alarm given to the clan, they will make less haste to Tripoli, for they will not fear that I should get to Yanni first. Oh, Mitsos, this is a good thought of mine. But the clan must keep very quiet, and let the little men think they do not know what is happening."

"Then I am off?" asked Mitsos.

"At once. Where is your horse?"

"At Petrobey's."

"Then go round to the house of some cousin; go to Dimitri and get a horse, and off with you. There is no time to lose. Stay; you do not know where you are to go from Tripoli. You must escape by night, and go straight over the hills into the upper Arcadian plain, where stands Megalopolis. Strike southwards before you get there, over onto Taygetus, and find your way to the hill above Lada, where you watched for the beacon from Bassæ. It will be no easy journey, for the whole country-side will be alive with Turks who are looking for you; but God has given you prudence and courage, and they will hunt for you southwards towards Maina. I shall go round the village and see that the whole clan knows what has happened, and where they will join us on Taygetus; then I shall give myself up. And now, little Mitsos, God-speed; remember that we love you, and be very careful and very quick. Yanni's life depends on you."

So Mitsos stole off into the darkness to go to Dimitri's house, and Nicholas went back to the village to warn the clan, and in an hour's time messengers had started to the villages round, saying what had happened, and giving the clan to know where they were to go when the few preparations which remained with regard to the storing of the powder were completed, and also saying that the outbreak would begin as soon as possible by the siege of Kalamata. Then Nicholas went to Petrobey's house, and found the soldier still in the road opposite with the horses.

"There is no passing," he said.

"You do not know who you are speaking to," said Nicholas, haughtily. "I am Nicholas Vidales, of whom you may have heard."

The answer was what he had anticipated, and he found himself covered by the soldier's pistol, while he shouted to them inside.

"Here is Nicholas Vidales!" he said. "Move, and I shoot."

Nicholas stood quite still, for he had no wish either to move or to be shot.

"I suppose you have authority for this," he said, "or there will be a settling between us."

"The authority of Mehemet Salik," said the second, "the Governor of Tripoli, to arrest you and Petros Mavromichales and bring you to Tripoli."

They had been speaking in Turkish, and Nicholas, with intention, asked the next question in Greek.

"For what am I arrested?"

"I do not know Greek," said the soldier.

"God be praised for that!" thought Nicholas, and he repeated his question in Turkish.

"For seditious designs against the sovereign power of the Sultan and his deputy in Tripoli, Mehemet Salik."

Nicholas laughed.

"That sounds serious. Shall I go inside, gentlemen? I am your prisoner, and I deliver up my arms." And he handed the soldier his pistol and knife, and stepped in. "I should advise you," he added, "to come in too; for if some of these hot-headed clan see a Turk standing there he will not stand there long. Come in, friend, for though I am maliciously accused, that is no fault of yours, and I would not see your blood nor the blood of my clan shed."

The soldier followed his advice, and led the horse inside, barring the gate behind him.

Petrobey had heard Nicholas's voice, and a great sense of relief came over him. He had been sitting there quite silent, guarded by two soldiers, in a dumb, dry agony of fear—not for himself, but for Yanni. That he could escape somehow or other on the way to Tripoli he did not doubt, but his escape meant death to Yanni, as the letter from Mehemet said; and if once at Tripoli, the moment the war of independence began, death to both of them. His only consolation was that Nicholas, at least, was safe. He would have been back an hour before, unless in some way the alarm had been given him, and his appearance now, coming in peacefully and calmly, must mean that he knew what had happened, and had some wise thought within him. Mitsos—and at the thought of Mitsos he looked up suddenly at Nicholas, in the sudden hope that Mitsos had started for Tripoli; and as he caught Nicholas's eye, the latter nodded and smiled, and Petrobey felt certain that Nicholas had answered the question he had silently asked him.

Nicholas sat down cheerfully and continued to speak in Turkish.

"This is some strange mistake," he said; "but I shall not be sorry to pay my respects to his Excellency in Tripolia—duty which I have hitherto neglected."

One of the soldiers smiled.

"And his Excellency will not be sorry to see you. He sent for you, if you remember, last year, and your cousin wrote him a letter saying that his bastard kinsman should be sought for, and sent when found."

This was a little disconcerting, but Nicholas waved his hand lightly.

"A private quarrel merely between myself and my cousin," he said, "which has long ago been made up. Eh, cousin?"

Petrobey nodded assent.

"We set off to-morrow, Nicholas," he said, "and that very early in the morning. To-night we have guests with us, and it is time for supper. Please seat yourselves, gentlemen. Poor fare, I am afraid, but we did not know that we should be honored by your presence to-night."

Petrobey clapped his hands, and the servant brought the supper. He was a big, strong lad of Yanni's age, the son of a small farm-holding tenant on Petrobey's land, and who had been left an orphan while still quite a young boy. Petrobey had brought him up in his own house, as half servant and half companion to Yanni, exacting little service, but receiving complete devotion.

"Put on supper," he said in Greek, "and keep your ears well open."

The boy brought in the food, and they all sat down together. The meal had only been prepared for three, but Mitsos was to have been one of the three, and to the Turks, who were small eaters, there seemed to be plenty of food. All three, from living among the Greeks, had relaxed their religious abstinence from wine where the wine was good, and the meal went on merrily enough, Nicholas in particular talking and laughing with them, and speaking Turkish with wonderful fluency and accuracy. Under pretext of Petrobey's not speaking Turkish at all easily, it was soon arranged between him and Nicholas that he should speak in Greek, and Nicholas act as interpreter, translating into Turkish the remarks he made to his guests, and theirs back into Greek, and so it came about that long before the meal was over Petrobey was fully acquainted with Mitsos's departure for Tripoli, and also Nicholas's idea for the next day, and they discussed at some length, without arousing the least suspicion, their own manner of escape.

This, Nicholas suggested, should be made as soon as possible on the journey—if it could be managed, at the first halt, for Mitsos would have had twelve hours' start, and should have had time to get Yanni safely out. The advantage of doing this early would be that they would still be travelling in the country of the clan, who would, if necessary, turn out to cover their retreat, and Nicholas suggested that they should have recourse to a very simple expedient, which he had tried with success once before. The lad Constantine would come with them, he proposed, carrying food for the mid-day meal, as it was six hours to the next village, and Nicholas, Petrobey, and the boy would be quite unarmed, and the Turks, secure in the knowledge that Yanni was still in hostage, would not, he thought, attempt to bind them. That, however, he would ascertain. During their meal, which should be ample and full of wine, the boy should be instructed to cut the girths of the Turks' horses, and get away home as fast as might be. Then, after a decent interval, they should think about going on, and Petrobey and he, mounting as quickly as they could, would ride cheerfully off at full speed across country towards Taygetus. The soldiers, added Nicholas, with admirable gravity, would attempt to do the same, "and I wish dear Mitsos was hear to see them."

All this was conveyed in short sentences, interpolated with Petrobey's supposed replies to the Turks; and Petrobey, who had taken care that Constantine should be in the room while it was going on, said to him, carelessly, holding out his glass,

"If you completely understand, Constantine, fill my glass and go; if not, fill Nicholas's."

Constantine took the wine-jug in his hand, filled Petrobey's glass, and left the room.

Incidentally, Nicholas, while speaking in Turkish, had begged the soldiers that they might start very early, for fear there should be trouble among the clan if they saw their chief riding off guarded by Turks. Petrobey's only desire, he explained, was to get to Tripoli as soon as possible, for, as they knew, his son was held hostage there by Mehemet Salik, and he feared that if there was a disturbance among the Mavromichales, or if—which God forbid!—the clan were so foolish as to fire upon them, Petrobey might be held responsible, and it would go hardly with the son. To this they assented, saying also that, provided their two prisoners would come unarmed, the hostage in Tripoli should be considered security enough, and they should go like gentlemen upon a journey.

Though it was not very early next morning when they started, the village, following Nicholas's directions of the night before, but very conveniently, so thought the Turks, showed no sign of life. The procession, with one soldier in front, Nicholas and Petros in the centre, guarded on the outside by the other two, with Constantine behind driving a pony laden with food and wine for their mid-day meal, went unmolested, out of the village and down the steep hill into the plain. Nicholas relieved the tedium of the way with the most racy and delightful stories, and they all went on in the utmost harmony.

Some three hours later they had come to a large and pleasant-smelling pine wood, and about half-way through this, where another bridle-path joined the one they were in, leading up towards the further hill villages of Taygetus, they came upon a charming way-side stream, and here Petrobey proposed they should halt for the mid-day meal. Abundance of juicy grass grew round this spring, some thirty yards further down; and tethering the horses there, so that they could not stray, for they would be just out of sight of the place where their masters ate, Petrobey told Constantine to get ready the food. However, the sun shone rather warmly on this spot, and at the suggestion of one of the soldiers they moved rather higher up into the shade of the trees. Constantine waited assiduously on the guests, until all had eaten their fill, and then bringing more wine from a cold basin in the stream, where he had put it to regain its coolness, he retired a little distance off to eat the remains of the dinner.

The others drank and smoked and chatted for some quarter of an hour more, till Nicholas, observing that the sun had already passed its meridian, suggested that as they had a long day before them, if they were, as he trusted, to reach Tripoli the next night, it would be wise to start. The soldiers assented, but drowsily, for they had again drunk somewhat freely at their prisoner's expense, and they all moved off to where they had left their horses and accoutrements. Nicholas could not suppress a chuckle of amusement when he saw that Constantine had taken the precaution of loosening the flint from the hammers of their guns, and then, saying suddenly to Petrobey, "Now!" the two ran forward, unpicketed their horses, and swinging into the saddle, spurred them through the belt of trees which separated them from the pathway towards Taygetus. He heard an exclamation of dismay and surprise from the soldiers, and the feeble click of a loose flint against the steel, and next moment they were off full gallop, and up the steep hill road.

Then followed a scene which would have made the mouths of the clan to be full of laughter, for the first soldier vaulted with some agility into the saddle and started gallantly off in pursuit, closely followed by the second, who had done the same. The first went bravely on for about six yards, the second for rather less, and they rolled off right and left, clutching wildly at their horses' manes, the one into the stream, the other into a fine furze-bush. The third, a bulky man, was rather more fortunate; for, being incapable of jumping into the saddle, he put his foot nimbly into the stirrup, only to find his horse standing beside him barebacked, and with an expression of innocent surprise, and himself with the curious feeling experienced when we are fain to walk up a step and find there is no step there.

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 2115.

The next half-hour went wearily and hotly for them. By sacrificing one girth they patched up the other two, and one went up the pathway towards Taygetus in pursuit, while the other rode on to Tripoli. The two most agile, as being the lighter weights, took these tasks upon themselves, while the heavier one, who could not ride bareback without pain to his person, walked sorrowfully on, a heavy saddle in one hand, his horse's bridle in the other, a three hours' tramp to the next village, where he hoped to have his shortcomings repaired.

The adventures of the first who rode after the escaped prisoners were short. Half an hour's ride brought him to the outskirts of a village which was all humming like a hive of bees, and the humorous Mavromichales, who inhabited it in some number, and who were excellent marksmen, sent a few rifle-bullets whistling close around him. One went a little to the right, another slightly to the left, a third sang sweetly over his head, and a fourth raised a little puff of dust at his feet. It occurred to him that they might perhaps be able to aim straighter if they wished, for there was a devilish precision about the closeness of their shots that made his heart turn cold, and with one more glance, sufficient, however, to show him Nicholas and Petrobey bowing politely in the midst of their clan, he turned tail, and just galloped back along the road he had come.

From Panitza to Gythium it was reckoned two days of twelve hours or three of eight; but Mitsos, who set off about ten at night, hoped to be there within thirty hours of the time he started, thus arriving well before daybreak on the second morning, and at sundown that day, looking over the valley of Sparta from the hills leading up to the pass into the plain of Tripoli, he hoped to be there well before six next morning. But for the present, as the moon was up, he pushed forward along the road, reserving his halt for the two dark hours after midnight. He had eaten but little that day, and his eyelids felt laden with weights that would drag them down; but knowing that if he slept it was quite impossible that he should awake in so short a time, he paced up and down by the edge of the field where he had tethered Dimitri's pony, eating a crust of bread, which he washed down with some rather sour wine he had got at Gythium. Now and then he would stop for a moment; but he felt physically incapable of keeping awake except by moving, and he began tramping up and down without pausing. Luckily he had a pouch of tobacco, his pipe, and tinder-box, and he smoked continuously; and to make assurance doubly sure he saddled the pony before two in the morning, and jogged forward again. He had wrapped his coat close round him, for the night was cold, and he was just beginning to feel again that if he hoped to keep awake he had better get down and trot by the pony's side, when the beast stumbled on a heap of stones, and in trying to recover itself stumbled again and pitched forward right on to its knees, throwing Mitsos off.

Mitsos was unhurt, and picked himself up quickly, but the poor brute was cut to the bone, and stood trembling with pain and terror as Mitsos examined it. For one moment the boy broke down.

"Oh, my God!" he cried. "But what shall I do?" But the next moment he steadied himself and took stock of his position. It was still three hours to daylight, and Tripoli was a good eighteen miles off. To get there in time with the pony was hopelessly out of the question, and to get there on his own legs seemed hopelessly out of the question too, for he was as weary as a young man need ever hope to feel. But if there was a choice it lay there. Meanwhile what to do with the beast? To leave it there, all cut, bleeding, and in pain through the night, only to die on those bare hills, was a cruel thing, and Mitsos decided quickly. He led it very gently off the road among the trees, and with a strange feeling of tenderness—for it had carried him gallantly, and done all it could—kissed the white star on its down-dropped head. Then drawing his pistol, he put it to its ear, and turning his eyes away, fired. The poor beast dropped like a log, and Mitsos, with a sob in his throat, looked not behind, but went back through the trees, and throwing away his coat, which only encumbered him, set his teeth and went jog-trotting to Tripoli.

How those next three hours passed he scarcely knew. He felt so utterly tired and beaten that he was hardly conscious of himself; his very weariness probably dulled his powers of sensation, and all he knew was that as he pushed on with limbs dropping from fatigue, and eyes aching for very weariness, the trees by the road-side seemed to pass, of their own movement, by him like ghosts. Now and then he tripped over the uneven stony road, and it scarce seemed worth while to make any effort to recover himself, and more than once he felt and knew, but only dimly, that his trousers were torn on the stones and his knees were cut and bleeding. He thought of the pony which had fallen and cut itself, and felt vaguely envious of its fate.

Lower down the pass, where the hills began to melt into the plain, it grew warmer, and as the sweat of heat and exhaustion poured down his face for a moment he more than half thought that a treeless hollow of the hills was the bay of Nauplia, lying cool and dark beneath the night. Nauplia, the bay, the white wall—it seemed that that time belonged to a boy called Mitsos, but not himself—a boy who had been happier than the kings of the earth, whereas he was a foot-sore, utterly beaten piece of consciousness that would plod along the white ribbon of road forever.

Then suddenly the sky lightened and grew gray with dawn, and the next moment the day had broken, and the sun, lifting itself above the hills to the east, showed him Tripoli, all shining in the dawn, still two miles off.

Mitsos stopped dead. He was too late. During the day it would be impossible for him to get into the Governor's house, and during the day, some time before the blessed night fell again, the soldiers from Panitza would be there. Petrobey would have escaped, trusting to his getting to Tripoli first, and Yanni would be— Who was Yanni? Oh, a boy he had travelled with once; they had had a fine time, and he believed he had promised to come and get him out of Tripoli.

There had been a white frost during the night, and the fields were all white and glistening. He had just enough sense to strike off the road and lie down under the shade of a tree sheltered from the sun and untouched by the frost, rolled over on his side, and next moment was sleeping deep and dreamlessly, like a child tired with play. There he lay without moving, one arm shielding his face from the light, and when he woke it was past mid-day, and the blessed gift of sleep had restored him body and mind, and the trouble in his brain had run down like the tainted water of a spate, leaving it clear and cool, and the strength had come back to his limbs.

He sat there some quarter of an hour longer, thinking intently. He had no self-reproach to interpose itself between him and his quest. The accident had been purely out of his own control, and he had done what would have seemed to himself impossible if he had not done it, and gone on for three hours after riding for twenty-four, and having had no sleep for thirty-six. Then he took stock of his position; and his position was that the soldiers might be expected any time after four that afternoon, and it would not be dark till six. There was nothing to do but to go on to Tripoli and wait, watching the road from Sparta. If they came before dark, he determined to make an attempt to get in, desperate though it might be; for once they had given their report to Mehemet Salik, it was over with Yanni.

So he went on, and ate at a Greek khan within the town, and then strolled back to the square and examined the house again. Once the door opened, and he went quickly down a side street, for fear the porter, who had seen him before, might recognize him; then he took another look at the wall by which he hoped to get access to the house. Under the influence of food and sleep his spirits had revived, and about two o'clock he went back again down the street leading into the Sparta road, and sitting down a little distance from it, kept his eyes fixed on the point where it vanished round the first hill-side. Three o'clock passed, four, and five, and the thin white clouds in the west began to be tinged with rose, and Mitsos's heart tapped quicker. In another hour it would be dark and time for his attempt. He sat on there till nearly six, and the darkness began to fall in layers over the sky, and the colors faded out of things. Then giving one long last look up the road, he turned and went into the town again.

When he arrived at the square, the little oil lamps at the corners were already lit, and the figures of men seemed like shadows. He turned down the street where the low wall stood, but found, to his annoyance, that only a few paces down was a café, which had been empty during the day, but was now beginning to fill with guests—for the most part Turkish soldiers—and he was obliged to wait. But these had apparently only come in for a glass of mastic before dinner, and in a quarter of an hour more there were only left there the café-keeper, who seemed to be dozing over his pipe, and an old countryman Greek in fustanella dress. Mitsos, who had stationed himself some hundred yards off, drew a deep breath, and stole noiselessly back in the shadow of the wall.

By standing on a lump of stone which lay there he could get his fingers on the top of the wall, and slipping off his shoes in order to give his feet greater power of using the crevices, he worked himself slowly up, and in a moment was crouching on the top. Then came the easier but the more dangerous task, for as he crept along the roof of the house where Yanni was his figure would be silhouetted against the sky. But the roof was not more than four feet above the top of the wall where he was, and bending over it, he raised himself up and wriggled snakewise along the edge. Yanni's room, in front of which stood the pillar by which he meant to climb down into the balcony, was the second room from the end, and judging the distance as well as he could, he glided along for about nine feet, and then began to make his way slowly down the roof. He had calculated the distance well, but when he was about half-way down, the tiled roof, which was but lightly built over laths, and was not constructed to bear the weight of giants, suddenly groaned beneath him, and next moment gave way, and with a crash fit to wake the dead he was precipitated with a shoal of tiles right into Yanni's room, and within a few feet of where Yanni was sitting with his arms tied behind him.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ARCHITECTURE AND MURAL PAINTING.

COLUMBIA COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Kings College Founded in the Province of New York
By Royal Charter in the Reign of George II.
Perpetuated as Columbia College by the People of New York
When they Became Free and Independent.
Maintained and Cherished from Generation to Generation
For the Advancement of the Public Good and the
Glory of Almighty God.

This inscription, proud and purposeful, cut deep in the limestone above the entrance to the Library, sets the key-note to the building. The approach is one of unusually commanding expanse, leading by flights of steps and terraces up to ten stately columns of Indiana limestone resting upon bases of Istrian marble. The ground-plan is a Greek cross, the equal arms of which, containing respectively the Vestibule, Avery Architecture Library, Law Library, and Delivery-Room, group around the central Reading-Room, which is crowned by a dome of exquisitely tranquil curve. A basement floor is below, in which are the main book-stacks; and still further down a cellar for storage. The material of the exterior is Indiana limestone, resting upon a granite substructure. Such is in simplest words the arrangement of the building. Its characteristics are solidity, grandeur, proportion, and utility, and an elevated ambition that is expressed in the richness of material and perfection of artistic detail.

As one enters the Vestibule the eye is fascinated by two majestic columns, soaring high and of enormous girth. They are of royal Irish green, a marble so precious that hitherto it has reached this country only in small pieces, and been sold by the pound. But American eagerness for the best has reopened the quarries, and these wonderful columns are unique amongst modern buildings. No description can give an adequate idea of their stateliness, the exquisite mystery of graded greens and grays and black, their tempestuous streakings and tender veining, and the perfect texture of their polished surface. The most heedless visitor cannot pass them unadmired, the connoisseur will be enthusiastic.

Passing between them, one will be confronted by steel gates, through which the Reading-Room is visible. But ordinarily they will be closed, and the visitor must turn to right or left, and traverse the corridor which completely surrounds it. This corridor is octagonal in plan, passing behind the four great piers which sustain the structure and the columned spaces in between. In these intervening sections the ceiling of the corridor is flat and richly coffered; but behind the piers the architecture takes on additional strength corresponding to the increased strain upon these parts. The ceilings here are vaulted, their elliptical curves intersecting with most charming intricacy. The coloring of the various members of these chambers is tones of white—warm yellow, and greenish; and the edges of the curves are sharp at the spring, but gradually rounded as they rise, so that the eye passes from clear perception into dreamy consciousness.

By the time we have reached the Delivery-Room, in the west arm of the cross, we are opposite the usual entrance to the Reading-Room—the central feature of the interior, the very heart and soul of the architect's conception. There stand the four great supporting piers of warm drab stone; between them four massive columns of granite from Ascutney, Vermont, in color a rich bottle-green shot with gray, and covered with bronze capitals plated to a tawny gold. Between the pillars, upon bases of bright red Numidian marble, will be detached book-shelves of dull sienna-colored oak. The walls behind are treated in Pompeiian red, yellow, and black, the last an indescribable mellow murky olive. We have tried to describe the coloring with the architecture, for the two are inseparably one. The architect's conception grew into color as well as form, and you think of them together as unreservedly as the coloring and contour of a mountain scene. The execution of the color scheme was intrusted to Elmer E. Garnsey. Paint has been used, and many coats of it: laid on, rubbed off in parts, glazed, and waxed, until the surface has the texture of an old billiard-ball. It is no longer paint but color, and color that Time's magic fingers seem to have played upon, leaving it elusive, mellow, and rich in suggestion.

Upon the columns rest the galleries, with balustrades of open stone-work, and semicircular windows behind, set deep in bays, the ceilings of which are incrusted with massy rosettes. Springing from the piers are the pendentives which lock the arches together, and overhead the members of the stately structure are clipped into completion by the rim of a very simple cornice.

One can regard this as the termination of the material part of the architect's design. Above it is the dome, into which each man's imagination may soar as it will. Instinctively we feel a dome to be the most spiritual feature of architecture, and yet it was the contribution of that most material people, the Romans. But they were men of boundless progressiveness, and all human progress, consciously or unconsciously, is towards the infinite. It is infinity that should be the suggestion of a dome, and that of Columbia Library whispers it with exceeding persuasion. Its vault is unobstructed by any sign of man's handiwork; a smooth expanse of blue—that mysterious gray-blue of the midnight sky of Egypt, athwart which trembles a sweep of deep steel-blue, sown with shimmering stars, and here and there a needle-point of brilliance. The eye may linger upon it in repose, or the imagination soar beyond.

Architecture has ceased to create new forms; yet that it is possible not only to imitate but to re-create the old ones, and to put not alone life but soul into a modern building, has been proved here, and not for the first time here, by Messrs. McKim, Mead, & White.

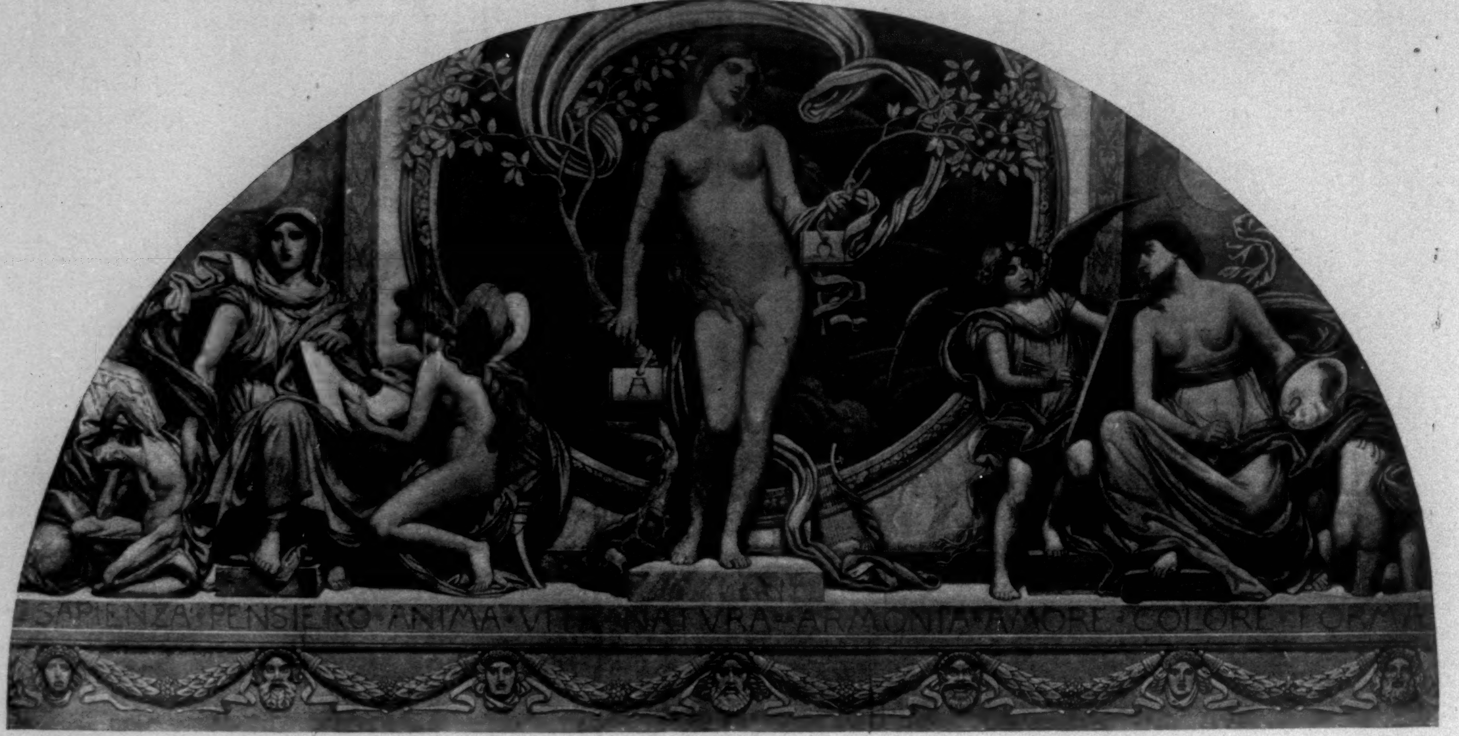
ROME: A MURAL DECORATION.

In the little village of Brunswick, Maine, and sequestered even from the quiet stir of the village life, lies Bowdoin College, and on its campus is an Art Gallery, small, but exceedingly beautiful, a very Elzevir in granite. It was erected from the designs of Charles F. McKim, by the Misses Mary Sophia and Harriet Sarah Walker, in memory of their uncle, Theophilus W. Walker. Upon the walls of the central hall are four lunettes, three of which are filled with mural paintings, respectively by Elihu Vedder, Abbott H. Thayer, and Kenyon Cox, while the fourth will shortly be completed by John La Farge. The subjects, following the order of the artists' names, are Rome, Florence, Venice, and Athens.

Mr. Vedder has represented the conception of Rome as the mother of modern nations, the foster-nurse of art and learning. He loves allegory, and finds in it a means of expressing in artists' fashion what the philosopher, poet, and historian would portray in words. Besides a direct reference to the subject, he gives it a deeper significance, penetrating to the heart of life. With hesitation, we try to put it into words. Nature, the generative force, stronger than passion, calmly fruitful, has her feet amid the material things of man's making, while mystery and infinity are about her head. In one hand she holds the tree of life—Ygdrasil our Norse forefathers called it—the Alpha, the Beginning, which has its roots in death; in the other, the plucked bough of the tree of knowledge, the Omega, or fruitage of all our strivings. Her attributes are vitality and harmony—the milk and honey of human endeavor, the pith and grace of learning and the arts.

At one side of her is Art; no simpering affectation of beauty, but noble and self-possessed, looking to love for inspiration—not the blind amorous manikin, but the strong-winged sturdy child of soaring humanity. To the left is Learning, unruffled with the hot haste to learn new things, but calmly balanced in the depths and strength of knowledge that is grounded upon the sciences, and reaches up to the infinite at the promptings of the soul.

But to describe the allegory apart from the artist's expression of it without an eye upon the picture is to recite the words of a song without the music. One misses the sensuous enjoyment of the composition; the richly elaborate groups, so massively constructed and still so sensitively decorative, and the impressive isolation of the



Copyright, 1896, by Elihu Vedder.

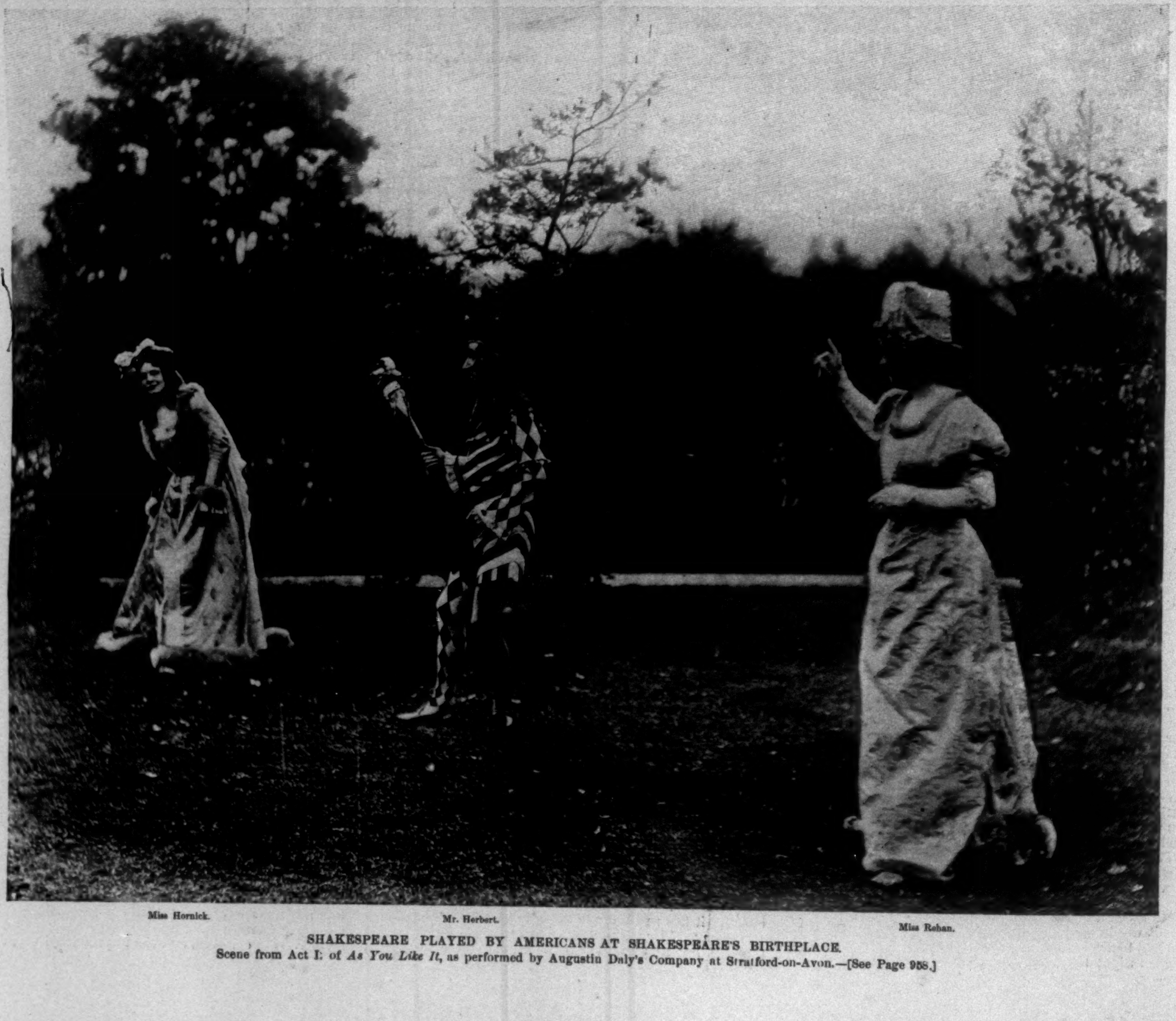
MURAL PAINTING IN THE WALKER ART GALLERY, BOWDOIN COLLEGE.—By Elihu Vedder.—[See Page 955.]

central figure, with the swirling clouds and halo of architectural detail. Figures, architecture, and natural scenery—some of our mural painters are slow to recognize the value to be obtained in mural decoration by the skilful blending of all three. Especially they ignore the architectural feature, which gives the constructive strength and unity to the composition, and enables the painter to introduce a certain formality, which is such a force in mural painting. This particular panel could not be mistaken for a picture set against the wall. It is, as it were, built into the structure—a further development of the architect's design. Any one who will shut off with his hand the circular and vertical lines of the background will be disposed to admit that it is these architectural features which give such strength and coherency to the composition, and at the same time, by dividing it, such simplicity and distinctiveness to the grouping.

By the scientific arrangement of line and space, and balance of opposing and repeating effects, Mr. Vedder elaborates his composition until it becomes both elevating and sensuously delightful. But although the refinement of effect is reached by slow and patient adjustment of the various parts until they are in exact relation, the composition is unified and elastic. The informing spirit is so comprehensive that the parts cohere, and the whole has the vitality of an instantaneous creation; and underlying the intricate simplicity of the technique is always the thought, profound, yet clear.

One hears Mr. Vedder's color schemes criticised; his flesh is unfleshlike; the coloring sombre. But his work, though low in tone, is not sombre. Clad in sober livery, if you will, as deep thought often is, it has a lustre and solidity like an old reliquary, and always harmonizes with the architectural surroundings. His choice of unfleshlike tints is evidently deliberate; a part of the inflexible determination to make his work unmistakably mural painting, formal in character, color as well as composition symbolic. His panels, like mosaics, continually suggest their architectural purpose.

Charles H. Caffin.


Miss Hornick.
Mr. Herbert.
Miss Rehan.

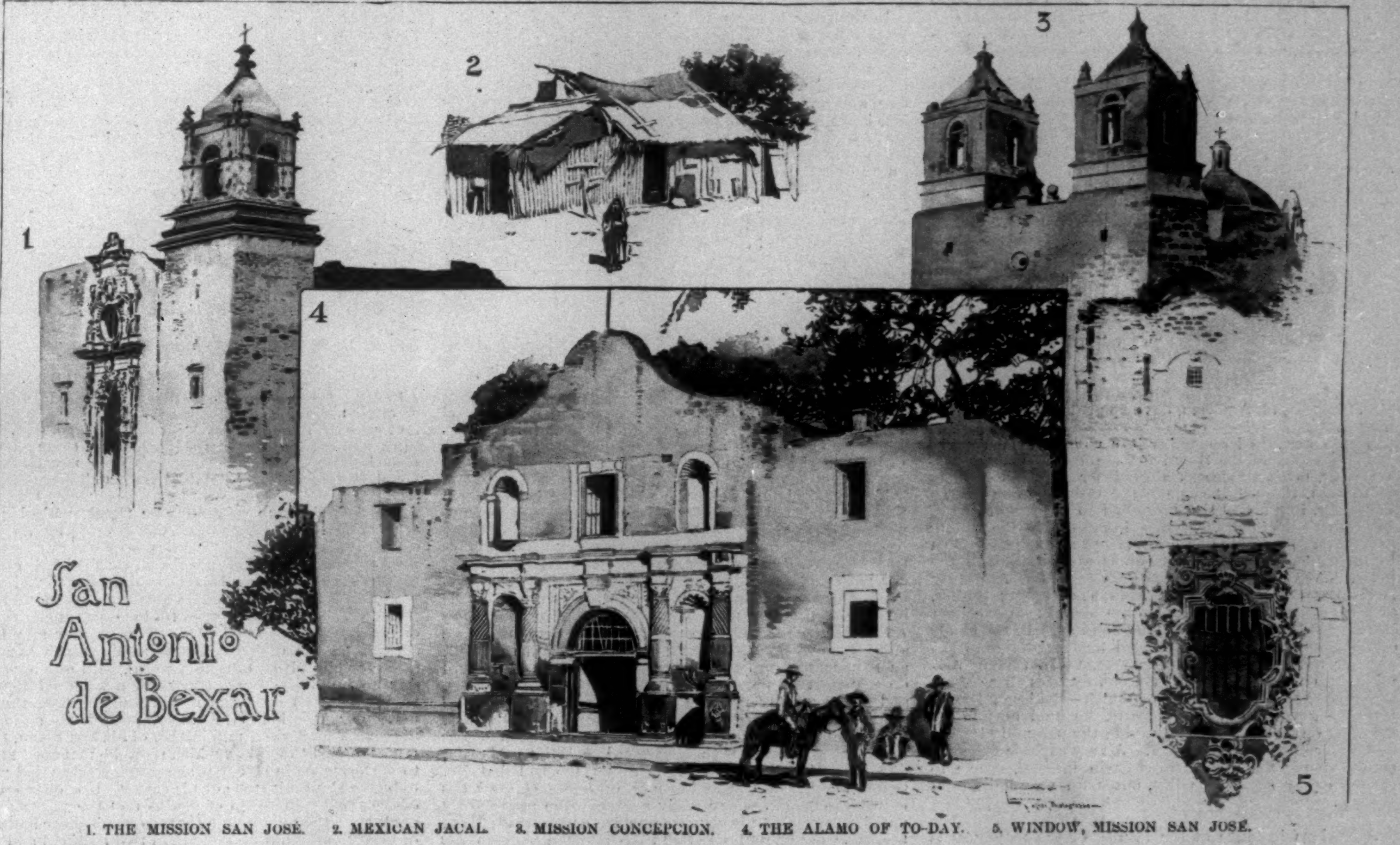
SHAKESPEARE PLAYED BY AMERICANS AT SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE.
Scene from Act I. of *As You Like It*, as performed by Augustin Daly's Company at Stratford-on-Avon.—[See Page 958.]

SAN ANTONIO DE BEXAR.

BY KIRK MUNROE.

A CITY of the past, the present, and the future. A city of the frontier that presents crumbling relics of mediæval architecture among its chief attractions. A city both ancient and modern in aspect, possessed of an atmosphere at once foreign and homelike, the metropolis of western Texas, the point of divergence for two great streams of winter travel into Mexico and California, and, above all, the city of the Alamo, that war-shattered memento of a deed unsurpassed in heroic annals for desperate daring and deliberate self-sacrifice on the altar of freedom. The San Antonio of to-day, a city of wealth and culture, of charming people and beautiful homes, a great army post and military distributing-point, the business centre of a vast territory, a meeting-place of many railroads, threaded in every direction by electric-car lines, and pulsing through all its arteries with vigorous modern life, is, at the same time, a very Mecca of American pilgrims, who visit it not for its present, but for it past.

They go to be thrilled by the story of its Alamo, and to gaze upon the walls that Barrett Travis, David Crockett, and James Bowie, together with 170 others, scantily supplied with food and ammunition, successfully defended for fifteen days, against a Mexican army of 4000 regular troops, led by the redoubtable and ferocious Santa Anna. Scorning to surrender, refusing to retreat, and deliberately throwing away every chance of escape, this band of heroes held the invaders in check that the men of Texas might have time to rally to the defence of their homes. So they purchased minutes with drops of life-blood, and hours with precious lives, until at length, with ammunition exhausted, they were overwhelmed by numbers and swept from the face of the earth.



1. THE MISSION SAN JOSÉ. 2. MEXICAN JACAL. 3. MISSION CONCEPCION. 4. THE ALAMO OF TO-DAY. 5. WINDOW, MISSION SAN JOSÉ.

The final assault against the shattered walls was made at daylight of Sunday, March 6, 1836, the Mexicans having just been re-enforced by 2000 fresh troops. At nine o'clock the terrible struggle was ended and all was still within the blood-soaked enclosure, for of the Alamo's defenders no man remained alive. The price of that victory was the lives of 520 Mexicans; while during the whole two weeks of fighting more than 2000 of Santa Anna's troops were killed and 300 more were wounded by the unerring Texas rifles. Thus did the men of the Alamo gain undying fame, and win for their monument the inscription:

Thermopylæ had her messenger of defeat, but the Alamo had none.

From that day "Remember the Alamo!" became the battle-cry that gave Texas her independence, and finally joined her to the United States, together with the vast territory of New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

As the reverent pilgrim stands within the crumbling walls of that little old mission church which, to quote Sidney Lanier, "beheld the bloodiest, smokiest, grimiest tragedy of this century," and reflects that from it emanated an influence equal to that of Plymouth Rock itself, he wonders at and laments the apathetic neglect with which it is treated. From the moment that Texas achieved her independence this battle-scarred structure should have been sacredly preserved as an enduring monument to those who died within its walls that their country might be free. The Alamo should be to Texas what Faneuil Hall is to Massachusetts, Independence Hall to Pennsylvania, Mount Vernon to Virginia, and Sutter's Fort to California—a reminder of the glorious past, to be reverently cared for by an association of native sons and daughters, and made a repository for relics of their forefathers' deeds and the early history of their State.

Instead of being thus cherished, this historic building has been treated with every indignity and put to every ignoble use. Army quartermasters and private individuals have been allowed to make of it a store-house for bacon and hams, and to cheaply rebuild its broken walls in accordance with their shop-keeping needs. Although it was purchased by the State in 1883, nothing has since been done for its preservation or restoration. The city is permitted to use it as a police station; a stove-pipe thrust from one of its lower windows befouls its façade with soot. An atrocious wooden building, used as a grocery, and surmounted by an octagonal cupola, from the sides of which grin wooden cannon, as though in sheerest mockery, crowds it on one side, and impudently projecting far beyond its front, at once hides and degrades it. On the other side it is compassed by a block of mean shops and dwellings, so that of its exterior walls only the front, overlooking the Alamo Plaza with its tiny but beautiful central garden, is visible. In spite of all, this building, nearly hidden from view, defaced, shorn of its once stately proportions, and degraded by its environment, is of such remarkable character that the stranger, though ignorant both of its location and aspect, knows at a glance that it is the Alamo; and thereafter, so long as he remains in the city, it commands his attention to the exclusion of all surrounding objects.

While this dilapidated old church, made more sacred by the blood of its martyrs than any similar edifice in America, is San Antonio's chief attraction to the visiting pilgrim, it is by no means the only one offered him. South from the city, at distances of two, four, six, and nine miles, and occupying positions first on one side, then on the opposite bank of the San Antonio River, are located the four missions of La Concepcion, San José, San Juan, and La Espada, or, as they are locally known, First, Second, Third, and Fourth missions. Abandoned by priest and acolyte, and no longer cared for by the throngs of native converts who once tilled their broad acres, these old missions still lift their belfried towers above the encroaching chaparral, and present examples of ancient ecclesiastical architecture unexcelled for beauty of design and exquisite detail of workmanship within the borders of the United States. Especially is this true of San José, the Second Mission, to the carved ornamentation of which the artist Huica, sent out from Spain for the purpose, devoted many years of his life. The west portal of the chapel affords ample proof of his genius, while one window on the south side of the baptistery has been named the finest thing of its kind in America. That the long-ago builders of these missions by no means confined their labors to the mere ornamentation of their churches is shown by the remains, widespread over the rich bottom-lands of the vicinity, of aqueducts and irrigating ditches. These tell of a comprehensive and intelligently directed system of cultivation, the fruits of which were stored in immense rough-stone granaries that may still be seen among the groups of mission buildings.

Returning to the city along the pleasant river roads, shaded by groves of tall pecans, one finds himself in the old town lying west of the river, and intersected by the swift current of San Pedro Creek. Here is the Mexican quarter, and the narrow streets, bearing such names as Flores, Nueva, Soledad, Yturri, Quinta, Monterey, Dolorosa, Acequia, and Obraje, are lined with typical Spanish-American houses of the humbler class—little one-story affairs, built of stone, adobe, or wood, and with jacals, or hovels, constructed of poles, bits of old roofing, or whatever refuse material has fallen to the hands of the ingenious and not over-particular architects. Here are swarthy men wearing huge sombreros, smoking corn-husk cigarritos, and apparently having no occupation save to lounge in the hot sunshine, with hands thrust deep in trousers pockets. Their scowling faces are those of typical villains, which many of them doubtless are. Certain it is that one of them who was befriended by a well-known lady of San Antonio, and nursed through a severe illness, showed upon recovery the sincerest gratitude of which he was capable by offering to kill for her any one whom she might name. As he truly expressed it:

"Some man you want kill, me kill him quick. Some woman you not like, me kill him all the same."

The black-haired, keen-eyed women of this quarter are far from beautiful, but are very interesting to watch, while the solemn-faced children, scantily clad or wholly naked, are as capricious and full of mischief as a cage of monkeys.

In this part of the town are located the huge, aggressively new, and obtrusive City Hall and County Court-house. To these your resident friend would fain direct your undivided attention; but such things are indigenous to the United States. You have doubtless been heavily taxed yourself in the interest of equally painful structures, and with the many novel attractions presented on all sides, you are bound to disappoint him. Far more interesting than these piles of stone and mortar are the "free camps" on South Flores Street, provided for the comfort of cowboys from outlying ranches whose business brings them to the city, and for immigrants passing through with old-time wagon trains, numerous offspring, and small herds of domestic cattle.

Night in this quarter is even more interesting than the daytime. Then there is much music, dancing, and laughter; while in the plazas, notably in Milam Square, appear scores of venders of Mexican dishes—tortillas, frijoles, chile con carne, tamales, chile verde, enchiladas, bitter black coffee, and cigarritos wrapped in soft corn-husk. These are prepared by the uncertain light of small camp-fires, lanterns, or flaring torches, and served by little black-eyed girls, whose every movement is jealously watched by beetle-browed hags squatting beside the fires, or by dark-visaged men who lounge in near-by shadows. None of the things sold in these rudely improvised restaurants are really good to eat, but they are interesting to taste, and contain many surprises.

The building best worth seeing on this side of the river is the old Veramendi house, the low-roofed, rambling, vice-regal palace of long-ago Spanish Governors. Many a bloody conflict between Spaniards and Mexicans, Mexican and American, and by all three with fierce native tribes, has raged about this ancient structure. Its massive walls and quaintly panelled doors are still pitted with bullets and show the scars of battle. Here James Bowie wedded a daughter of Governor Veramendi, and a little later entertained his friend Sam Houston on the occasion of his first visit to San Antonio. Here, too, in the great front doorway, wide enough to admit a coach, that brave Texas fighter Colonel Ben Milam, who had just captured the city from the infamous General Cos, was done to death by the ball from a Mexican escopeta.

There are many other places well worth visiting in this quarter of the town, including its market and the old mission church of San Fernando; but time presses, and there is also much still to be seen on the further side of the river.

This river, the San Antonio, and its tributary stream the San Pedro, furnish the reason for the existence of a city at this point, and are well worthy the pride and affection with which they are regarded. Both gush from the ground a few miles north of the city in springs of wonderful clearness and beauty. The land about San Pedro Springs is a public park, much frequented on holidays and summer evenings; while the many springs forming the San Antonio, and collectively known as the "Head of the River," are on private property in the beautiful suburb of Alamo Heights. It was at one time proposed to establish a military post at this point, and here was buried General Worth, the man who ended the Seminole war, whose monument stands in Madison Square, New York city, and who died of cholera in San Antonio on May 17, 1849.

The strategic importance of San Antonio has been recognized by military authorities from the date of its earliest settlement, and it has always been an army post, occupied in turn by Spain, Mexico, the Republic of Texas, the United States, the Confederacy, and finally again by the Federal government. Now it is headquarters of the Department of Texas; and Fort Sam Houston, on Government Hill, one mile north of the city, is one of the largest, most beautifully located and finely equipped army posts in the country.

San Antonio needs two things very badly—one is a first-class tourist hotel, and the other is a sewer system that shall clear the befouled waters of the beautiful river sweeping with many graceful curvings and tree-embowered vistas through her most densely populated districts. Both of these things are promised for the immediate future; but then both of them have been promised for a long time.

THE DRAMA.

A Southern Romance, a play in three acts, by B. B. Valentine and Leo Ditrichtstein. Produced at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, September 4.

A Coat of Many Colors, a comedy in four acts, by Madeleine Lucette Ryley. Produced at Wallack's Theatre, September 13.

What Happened to Jones, a farce in three acts, by George H. Broadhurst. Produced at the Manhattan Theatre, August 30.

The Wrong Mr. Wright, a comedy in three acts, by George H. Broadhurst. Produced at the Bijou Theatre, September 6.

A Bachelor's Honey-moon, a farce in three acts, by John Stapleton. Produced at Hoyt's Theatre, September 6.

In Town, a musical comedy in two acts, by Adrian Ross and James T. Tanner. Produced at the Knickerbocker Theatre, September 6.

A Stranger in New York, a farce comedy in three acts, by Charles H. Hoyt. Produced at the Garrick, September 13.

It is with something of sluggishness in his desire that even the most eager of playhouse chroniclers looks forward to the opening of a New York theatrical season. There is no uncertainty in his prevision of a long series of unprofitable evenings, but he counts them as naught in the balance if he be given on one or two occasions that rarest of things a good play. I say one or two, for it seems folly to expect more. Last year we had *Secret Service* and *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, not perfect, either of them, by any means, but intelligent and interesting. The hope begotten of these two is strong within me, and will serve to carry me through worse evenings before the foot-lights than I have spent during the last fortnight.

A Southern Romance is a dramatization of Miss Dolly Higbee's novel *In God's Country*, and in attempting to improve a Southern woman's story of her own people, Kentuckians, Messrs. Valentine, an Englishman, and Leo Ditrichtstein, an Austrian, have spoiled a very promising theme.

In the story, as I remember it, a young German nobleman, stranded in the South and reduced to greatest extremities, takes service as a gardener with a Kentucky gentleman, Colonel Ransom. The Colonel's daughter, a charming, impulsive girl, betrothed to the son of one of her father's neighbors, becomes interested in the young nobleman, falls in love with him, elopes, and is overtaken by the Colonel's son, who promptly shoots and kills the lover, after the traditional Kentucky fashion. The story is simple, direct, convincing, with a charming humor, and full of that vague thing "atmosphere"; an excellent story for stage purposes if rightly handled. In the hands of its adapters the girl's intended husband becomes the avenger, but he does not avenge. That would have interfered with a happy ending. He simply fires three shots at the young nobleman, none of which—shades of Daniel Boone!—hits him and then departs, the final curtain descending on Colonel Ransom giving the parental blessing to another international match. A very capable group of actors, among them Mr. Ditrichtstein himself, strove to give the play some actuality, but with very indifferent success.

A curious instance of the fatuity of the managers is shown in the eagerness with which they buy up and produce all the plays of any author who has had the least semblance of success. Judgment is entirely out of the question, and to the lack of it must be attributed the presentation of so many of Madeleine Lucette Ryley's so-called comedies.

Mrs. Ryley has a formula that serves her purpose in whatever she does. It is the old old-fashioned one of complications arising from a similarity of initial and name belonging to two or more of her characters. The limitations of such a method were long ago apparent, and it fell into disuse about the time of Burton. But Mrs. Ryley has resuscitated it, and, galvanized with a humor that is often gay and bright, though not always spontaneous, she may be able to succeed where others with more sophisticated means will fail. It will not be with *A Coat of Many Colors*, however. I cannot help but think that when Mr. Herbert Kelcey and Miss Effie Shannon chose this play as the medium for their appearance as "stars" (a most objectionable designation, to my mind, but one which has gained for itself a peculiarly suggestive connotation) they were misled by the number of good scenes and good lines that were allotted to their respective parts. The story, or, more correctly, the stories, of the play, I cannot attempt to tell. A new one was started every act, and there were four acts. It was tiresome to the verge of boredom, and, save for occasional flashes of pretty wit, left one in a maze and in amaze. Mr. Kelcey was earnest, sincere, and attractive as the perplexed young lawyer who becomes lost in the whirlpool of impossible complication, while Miss Shannon was charming and delicately appreciative of everything that was given her to do, and W. J. Le Moyne made up the trio that have long played admirably into one another's hands, but never before, I can say, with so little effect. The others in the cast were exceptionally good, particularly Mr. Edmund Lyons as an irascible old Scotchman. I could have hoped for a more auspicious opening for Mr. Kelcey and Miss Shannon's venture, and I wish Mrs. Ryley better success with the next variation of her formula.

Mr. Broadhurst, in his farce *What Happened to Jones*, could give Mrs. Ryley a great many points in the handling of impossible situations. He makes no pretence of probability, so you cast analysis to the wind, and follow the whole comic nonsense with an interest that finds its excuse in your two hours of laughter. Mr. Broadhurst has a formula too, as one finds on seeing his other farce, which Roland Reed is exploiting at the Bijou. Mistaken identity plays an important part in *The Wrong Mr. Wright*, but you are not asked, as in the other, to take it seriously, and you laugh ungrudgingly and are thankful for small favors. These farces are very fair examples of what farces should be, while Mr. Stapleton's *A Bachelor's Honey-moon* is a very good example of what they should not be. A silly theme, dubious dialogue, and incoherent arrangement make one marvel at its producer's unintelligence, and pity the wasted efforts of such amusing actors as Mr. A. Kennedy, Max Figman, and W. J. Ferguson.

In Town is the latest invasion from the London Gaiety. It was produced over there very successfully four or five years ago, and, wonderfully enough, has not been brought out here before. Not unnaturally, I suppose, George Edwardes had not the temerity; but having furnished us with the *Geisha* and the *Circus Girl* successively and successfully, he probably supposed he might sandwich in this dull affair and escape the consequences. I doubt if he does. Bad puns and worse music will not go, even if pushed by pretty girls, and it is a pity that they have not a better opportunity to show to advantage what little they can do. Mr. Louis Bradfield bears the burden of whatever comedy there is, and bears it with remarkable equanimity, singing his songs with a great deal of dash and dancing with great nimbleness.

In the same category with the English comedy is Mr. Hoyt's last farce, *A Stranger in New York*. The difference between the two is the difference between amusing and not amusing, and between a rather modest production and—I was about to say immodest one, but amend that and say elaborate. But with half as many people Mr. Hoyt manages to produce twice as much fun; and while it seems to me that we have almost, if not entirely, outgrown the taste for Mr. Hoyt's work, it has certain qualities that one could wish to have seen further developed. The form which moulded his early efforts was too successful, though, and he has succumbed to the commonplace and easy device of reiteration. But there is no denial of his keen whimsical sense of character and comic situation, and his breezy, racy humor. If to these he could have added a little more intelligence and definite purpose, the result might have been a really important American dramatist.

The revival of *Secret Service*, after its rather hysterical success in London last summer, seems to have attracted the attention of a great number of people, for it is running to crowded houses at the Empire Theatre. How much of this renewed interest is due to British approval it is hard to estimate, for the play itself is so full of vitality that no amount of meretricious advertising on the part of its manager can aid or detract from its interest.

To recapitulate: While the plays I have briefly mentioned as the chief of the opening season's offering are none of them really worth much, yet they are distinctly better than those we usually have to choose from at this time of year. A few weeks more will find the rest of our playhouses open, and if half that is promised is fulfilled, there will be no lack of amusement even for the intelligent theatre-goer. Mr. Sothern will produce *The Lady of Lyons* for a few matinées in October, and promises a dramatic version of *Henry Esmond;* Sol Smith Russell, an excellent actor, too seldom seen in New York, will do a one-act arrangement of *The Taming of the Shrew*, and will probably produce *The Rivals* and *The Heir at Law;* Mr. Nat Goodwin announces new plays by Mrs. Ryley and Augustus Thomas, besides a production of *The Merchant of Venice*, with Miss Maxime Elliot as Portia, and himself as Shylock. It is rather too bad that Mr. Goodwin's attempt at seriousness in *David Garrick* has led him to step in where many more capable have hardly dared to tread, but his courage may have its reward; then, too, Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald has adapted his own *The Cat and the Cherub*, and it will be given at the Olympia next week, with various Chinese accessories, including, I believe, live Chinamen. This will steal the thunder somewhat of the other Chinese play, *The First Born*, which is to be done later but we can stand any number even of Chinese plays, if they are only good. Wemyss.

"AS YOU LIKE IT" IN THE OPEN AIR AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The pilgrim wends his way to Stratford-on-Avon not only to see the birthplace of Shakespeare, the school to which with shining morning face he crept unwillingly, and the church which holds his bust and perhaps his ashes. But instinctively he longs to know the countryside which left such an impress upon the boy mind of the poet that all his life's work is fragrant and quick with it. What a lovely land it is! Just as in his day the

> Daisies pied and violets blue,
> And lady-smocks all silver-white,
> And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue
> Do paint the meadows with delight.

The winding lanes dip and rise beneath the shade of elms and crab-trees, between hedges that are wreathed with traveller's-joy and luscious woodbine. The straw-thatched cottages peep from their bowers of roses, amid beds of rosemary, sweet-marjoram, columbine, and love-in-idleness. The children still trip round the fairy-rings in the grass where Oberon and Titania led their dances, and can show you

> A bank where the wild thyme blows,
> Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,

and Philomel's sweet lullaby is heard o' nights. There, too, are more than memories of the pomp of living which must have fired the boy's imagination. Warwick's quaint old roofs, not greatly different, nestle up to her noble castle; Guy's Keep beetles from its crag; and the voice of revelry still sighs through the ruins of Kenilworth. Since his time the world has sped down the ringing grooves of change, but one may step aside for a moment from the hurry and din and commune with Shakespeare in the scenes he loved. To know his Warwickshire is to feel that we know the heart of the man and have penetrated the inspiration of the poet. We can understand, too, the affection that drew him back here out of the world, "that did not better for his lip provide than public means that public manners breed."

What more natural than that the actor of to-day, tired of making himself "a motley to the view," should seek this spot to slake his spirit with the refreshment of its simplicity! By a pretty conceit, which does not deceive him, he essays to invigorate his art with nature, and to play *As You Like It* under the open roof of heaven, within the precincts of what was once the Forest of Arden. It had been done before by English actors; it was very meet it should be done again by Americans, who cherish the poet's works and memory as their richest heritage, and cling to many forms of Shakespeare's speech that have passed out of use in England.

But, alas, the moon overnight must have looked "with a watery eye." Rain fell after the first act, and chased Rosalind away before she did suit her "all points like a man."

> Ay, now am I in Arden: the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place; but travellers must be content.

Stroller.

MUSIC NOTES.

The Baireuth Festival has finished its usual and unimportant course. With interest would we hear what probably would be Wagner's comments on such performances as those of 1897. There would be lively expressions from him, were he alive and able to speak his mind, concerning his relict's way of taking care of his highest artistic theories and her zeal for their practical embodiment at his very own Wagner Theatre. But then, if Wagner were alive, there would be no such representations, ranging in their vocal quality from the fairly competent to the indifferent. It is an old story to hear them outdone each winter on more than one German-singing stage, especially at Munich. If Wagner were living we should not think of Baireuth as the "Mecca" of the unmusical, as now; not of the musical pilgrim, with its cheap and inexperienced artists, with old and inefficient ones sandwiched together; with its national quality a jest, its later disregard of Wagnerian tradition and of Wagnerian common-sense everlastingly in criticism, and its authoritative value in Wagnerian interpretation little more than nominal. Baireuth to-day is the place for the crude and undiscriminating Wagnerite to visit, not for the adept. It has become a commercial and popular theatrical enterprise, not special page in a musician's education. Certainly the performances of 1897 have not ameliorated that melancholy impression. When *Parsifal* is no longer Baireuth's exclusive property its attraction and no small part of that "atmosphere" that still graces its offerings will have evaporated. The fault will not be Wagner's. It will be of those who have been indeed the foes in Wagner's own household, and from the ranks of his "familiar friends."

Verdi is about to celebrate—on October 13—his eighty-fifth birthday. The Grand Old Man of Italian opera, the most impressive musical figure of our day in any of music's provinces, is in excellent health, and so cheerful that he is anything but morbid or disposed to "view this world as a vale of tears." There are rumors that he is writing a short requiem mass for his own funeral services or for those of his good wife. This may or may not be so; but he has undoubtedly been edifying a handsome tomb for himself and Signora Verdi, with municipal consent to build the same, and with a hundred thousand wishes from all Italy that it may long be tenantless. A particular attention to the old composer is the revival and the somewhat revised publication of his first opera, *Oberto, Count of Saint Boniface*, which score he managed to bring to performance in 1839, with a scratch-success that proved to be the stepping-stone of his career. It is characteristic of the small beginnings of genius that the publishers Ricordi gave the young man for the opera's score and rights of performance a little more than two hundred and thirty dollars.

The Covent Garden opera season elicited a new opera, so far as London is concerned, the *Inez Mendo*, of Erlanger. It is a tragic work, and in a conventional way would seem to have interest—musical and dramatic. The cast was excellent. Mesdames Saville, Bauermeister, and Reed, and Messrs. Alvarez, Renaud, Bars, Bonnard, and Dufrane. The work is not essentially Wagnerian.

THE RIOT AT LATTIMER, PENNSYLVANIA.

The deplorable clash between Sheriff Martin and his company of deputies of Luzerne County, Pennsylvania, on the one side, and a mob of riotous coal strikers on the other side, on Friday, September 10 last, on the public highway at Lattimer, Pennsylvania, resulted in the killing of more than twenty of the strikers, and the wounding of probably fifty more. The encounter revealed that the mob spirit, so completely and admirably checked by the miners in the great coal strike of the West, was rampant in the strike in the Lehigh Valley, in and near Hazleton. It also made plain that the Luzerne County officials had appreciated the gravity of the situation, and had been engaged for some time in trying to keep the peace. It gave occasion for the display of the splendid capabilities of the Pennsylvania National Guard in mobilization.

The encounter also showed that the demagogical tendency of recent times to declaim against the courts and representatives of law still exists. Sheriff Martin was denounced widely and at once as a "butcher" and a "monster." The men who were killed were "innocent citizens," "ruthlessly shot down," most of them while running away. Mass-meetings were held in various communities, resolutions were adopted, and men supposed to be conservative, one of whom, for example, was Mayor Quincy of Boston, spoke in denunciation of the sheriff and of "government by injunction," a matter which played no part in this case at all.

This strike had a petty origin. A superintendent of the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre Coal Company, named James Jones, made some economic changes early in August that caused several stable-boys to strike. Jones was unpopular and probably arbitrary. The men in the mine struck in sympathy with the boys. A few days later the men drew up a list of grievances; chief of all they asked that Jones be removed. Every request but that was granted. The men returned to work for five days and struck again. The company had been slow in acting on some of their requests.

On August 25 there began practically a reign of terror in the neighborhood. The strikers marched from mine to mine, compelling other miners to strike. They terrorized the workmen of no less than ten mines. They beat men who would not go marching with them. They even invaded houses, and made men who were reluctant to go with them join their band. They swept through Superintendent Jones's house from cellar to roof. They impressed men who were not miners into their company, and kept several of them prisoners for a day or two. They took horses and wagons, with drivers, and used them in their marches. Property of the coal companies was also destroyed. The marchers were armed with clubs and bits of iron, and day after day threatened with violence all those who failed to approve of their action.

On September 7 they had become so lawless that the sheriffs of three counties, Luzerne, Carbon, and Schuylkill, joined in a proclamation commanding peace. It was this proclamation and not an injunction that was violated. The miners from McAdoo had made the Harwood miners stop work. The Harwood men wanted the Lattimer men, employed, as the Harwood men were, by Pardee & Co., to quit work, and they invited the McAdoo men to march with them to Lattimer and force the men to quit. Sheriff Martin had sworn in a company of deputies to assist him in keeping the peace. He and his men overtook the miners who were marching to Lattimer at West Hazleton, where the sheriff read the riot act and arrested two of the band who were violent.

He ordered them not to go to Lattimer in a crowd. A police official is said to have told the men to go "across lots," where the sheriff would have no jurisdiction. They started, and the sheriff and deputies, knowing that the miners would take to the road again, went to Lattimer on a trolley-car and again met the men on the highway.

Sheriff Martin advanced alone to the miners; he started to read the riot act again; he was pushed and jostled, and he drew his revolver; he was beaten; the band became a mob again, and the sheriff's life seemed in danger.

They broke past the sheriff. The deputies were drawn up across the road. Some one gave an order to fire, and two volleys followed. Twelve men were shot dead outright. The rioters fled. The dead, dying, and less seriously wounded were taken away. Sheriff Martin telegraphed to the Governor for help. At midnight of September 10 Governor Hastings ordered out the Third Brigade. By eight o'clock the next morning the first regiment came swinging into Hazleton, a remarkable achievement for militia soldiery. By two o'clock in the afternoon every regiment in the brigade was in camp, and further trouble ceased.

These things stand out prominently in this encounter: not one of the killed, and none of the wounded, so far as can be learned, had an American name. All were Huns or Poles. Only a few of them could speak English. Very few of the seventy-five or more who were hit with bullets were shot in the back. It is known that they had been warned of the consequences of their march before they started. They thought that the sheriff's men would not dare to shoot, and if they did shoot, it would be over their heads. They knew they were defying the officers of the law, and the mob spirit was on them and could not be shaken off. The sheriff's deputies were representative citizens. They numbered about sixty men. Half a dozen were college graduates. Among them were a banker, a civil engineer, half a dozen leading business men of the city of Hazleton. They were representative citizens in the best sense of the word.

Warrants were sworn out for the arrest of the sheriff and his deputies. General Gobin, commanding the militia, protected them from arrest pending the rule of disorder. He took the ground that he was sent there to help the sheriff preserve the peace, and that he would have no interference with his superior officer so long as the presence of the military was needed.

Thus the matter stands. Peace will come in time. The soldiers will be withdrawn. The miners will go to work; but a mafia spirit will probably be aroused and fostered. Threats have been made already that every deputy sheriff in the posse is a marked man, and that some of them will pay with their lives, through assassination, for their part in the affair.

TOKYO AFTER THE WAR.

Tokyo, the seat of the Mikado—the Eastern Capital, so named in 1868—wears a different aspect from that shown when it was Yedo, the Bay Door. Could the old Tycoon of 1853 or his treaty commissioner, the learned Professor Hyashi, who sat with Commodore Perry, rise to look down upon the present city from the top of Kudan, he would never know the place. From the vast sealike level of low one-story wooden dwellings only here and there a great temple gable swelled like a crested wave, or a castle tower rose like a light-house, but no brick or stone edifice, or any house over two stories high, could be seen even until 1870.

Now tall factory chimneys affront the skies with their smoke. Brick stores and dwellings rise in blocks by the score. Public buildings flash forth on high the imperial chrysanthemum. The era of monuments in bronze has come. On the ground, sidewalks, pavements, horse vehicles, steam, tram and trolley lines, have revolutionized transportation. Telephone and telegraph wires are strung along road and street. Nowadays Shimoda, in Idzu, the first port opened by Perry's treaty and the home of Townsend Harris, is the stone quarry for the capital.

Despite the inevitable and ever-recurrent reactions and the fantastic phenomena of Japanese chauvinism, material development progresses steadily. Yet the natives of a land so rich in poetic lore and patriotic story are not likely to forget their past. They are, however, adopting the Western methods in commemorating their heroes. Bronze statues, with protective and symbolical iron railing, now takes the place of Buddhist images, the tablets of Chinese model, and the heavy stone railings cut to imitate carpentry.

Note in this connection the handsome bronze statue of the late General Omura, a samurai of Chōshiu. In the early fifties this reformer introduced modern European arms and tactics in Japan. In the days when prejudice was against all things foreign, and it seemed like treason, Omura learned from the Dutchmen at Nagasaki the use of military fire-arms, and, aided by Dutch treatises, the science of drill and fortification. The civil war of 1868, in which American rifles, artillery, and ships played a conspicuous and decisive part, was the immediate, as the Chino-Japanese war of 1894-5 was the subsequent, result of Omura's foresight and enterprise.

The monument, in features, pose, and general execution, is a fine work of art. The hero stands in samurai costume, with the traditional two swords. The inscription is quite detailed. The shaft rises near the race-course, at the top of the Kudan Hill, and in front of the Shrine for the Welcome of Spirits, or Memorial Temple, which is a centre of interest, especially on Japan's annual Decoration day. Around the base or stone platforms are old cannon from China. The railing is of wrought iron, showing both the old battle arrows and the pronged shafts, which, when shot by a skilled archer, cut flag halyards and helmet lacings most handsomely.

One of the striking monuments in Tokyo consists of a stone base, from which rises a colossal bronze bayonet. It is simple and suggestive.

More peaceful indications of Japan's new life are shown in the (temporary) Houses of Parliament. The first edifice was burned. Some years will very likely elapse before the new buildings of stone are finished. One of the illustrations shows the interior of the House of Peers, with the imperial throne. Another gives a good idea of the House of Representatives, showing the large gallery and abundant room for newspaper reporters.

On the square formerly occupied by the Commercial School now stands the Patent Office, though for the present it is occupied also by the Department of Agriculture and Commerce. It is a handsome light stone edifice, worthy of Japan's increasing importance as an inventive and not merely imitative nation. In the Island Empire inventors' patents annually granted, like authors' copyrights, now number over twenty thousand.

Necessarily, to gain space in the important parts of the city, many of the old yashikis, or feudal mansions, have gone the way of topknots, dress swords with shark-skin handles and lacquered wooden scabbards, city ward barriers, and other tokens of feudalism. In that part of Tokyo formerly occupied by the daimios numerous fine buildings in Western style are every year rising. Tokyo is a well-governed municipality, and the new municipal edifices are worthy exponents of the most populous city in the empire, and the literary and artistic as well as political capital.

The most popular part of the "Blossom Capital" is at Asakusa, which is a combination, in reality, very much like that imaginary one of New York's Cathedral of St. John with Coney Island. The great temple stands in a Bowery-like neighborhood, full of every sort of cheap shops, restaurants, lodging-houses, and places of amusement. Close to the Kuannon shrine, or Temple of the Goddess of Mercy, is a twelve-storied brick tower with an elevator inside. It furnishes a fine view over the surrounding flat rice country, river, bay, ocean, and distant mountains. The people, once elevated, cannot descend on the machine, but must make their way down through or past the various shops and stalls, full of notions, toys, eatables, and drinkables, which are on the various stories. For this tower is nothing more than the Asakusa Vanity Fair lifted into mid-air.

The one who erected the statue to General Omura is also he who, next to the Emperor, presides over the destinies of the nation—the Premier, Marquis Yamagata. Under his lead silver has been demonetized, the gold standard adopted, the freedom of the press enlarged, constitutional government made more of a reality, and the dangers flowing in after a successful war minimized. The greatest political problem now confronting ambitious Japan is, How, with the resources of a fourth-rate, to become a first-class power?

Wm. Elliot Griffis.

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MR. PLATT AS A POLITICAL "LEADER."

BY FRANKLIN MATTHEWS.

THE time is at hand when the Republican conventions, big and little, usually refer to Thomas C. Platt as "that matchless leader." It is a curious fact that those persons who are attached closely to Mr. Platt in politics refer to him invariably as a "leader"; other citizens know him generally as a "boss."

Putting aside all discussion of Mr. Platt as a boss, it is proper at this time to ask whether he is really a leader. There can be no question that he is in supreme control of the Republican party machinery in New York State. He also "leads" the active workers of the party. There is no doubt that these workers follow him implicitly. There is no doubt, also, that they are in politics simply for spoils. Good government, economic government, honest government, are matters of secondary consideration to them. Their chief aim is to "get the offices" and to get at the public treasury.

Senator Platt has encouraged them in this, and it is by means of this encouragement chiefly that he has secured complete control of the party machinery in recent years. They want spoils; he tries, or pretends to try, to get spoils for them. They proclaim their loyalty to him and their demand for spoils in the same breath.

Another undisputed fact: Mr. Platt has alienated thousands upon thousands of public-spirited men from his party—men whom that much-abused expression, the "best citizens," really describes. They are men who formerly used to give their time and their money to aid in securing Republican victories. They are men whose names and whose characters stand for respectability and high purpose in the communities in which they live. Mr. Platt has driven them out by joining forces with the "bone-hunters" of his party, and by devising another means of securing money with which to run campaigns, commonly known as the "blackmail of corporations." These men no longer remain to dispute Mr. Platt's leadership. Their places are taken by men who confess openly that they are "not in politics for the good of their health." The contributions that they gave are now supplied by corporations, and the method of procuring the money is so low in character, so bold in operation, as almost to excite pity. It has brought in its trail the unquestioned suspicion of the positive or negative Sale of Law, and the debauchery of thousands of young men, who have been taught to believe that the way to eminence in public life is through the use of money in indirect corruption. Thus Mr. Platt has secured the control of his party.

"PLATT VICTORIES" AND PARTY DEFEATS.

Mr. Platt has been more than fifteen years in arriving at this position. We had a "Big Four" in Republican party councils from 1884 to 1896. In 1896 the big four had come to exist in name only. Mr. Platt was the four. Little by little Hiscock, Miller, and Depew have been eliminated from active power in the party.

But it was not until defeat after defeat had discouraged all but Platt. It is no longer a matter of doubt that every party defeat was a victory for him, for year by year it brought him into more complete control of the party. It placed him at the head of the spoilsmen, and finally won for him complete supremacy. It was long after Platt secured control of the State party machinery that he became all-powerful in the party in New York city. The appearance of the Citizens' Union, just when he seemed to have killed off all independence in the party, may make it necessary for him to secure another "Platt Victory and Republican Defeat," such as the party experienced year after year in the State, until "Divine Providence," in Mr. Platt's own words, came along and gave the party an unexpected triumph.

In 1892 Mr. Platt wanted the dying Mr. Blaine nominated for President. He made no secret of the fact that he wanted to be Secretary of the United States Treasury. Harrison's renomination defeated that. Mr. Platt sulked until October, and then announced that he was for the ticket. He shed no tears publicly when Harrison was beaten. Then he set out to win his prize of the Treasury in 1896. All his political effort was bent toward securing a united delegation from New York State to the Republican national convention in 1896. It became necessary to use methods of open shamelessness. In 1893 the "Divine Providence" victory occurred. By the next year the pendulum toward Republican success was in full swing. Platt had full control of the State machinery. In 1893 he encouraged John Milholland to get up an independent movement in New York city. He promised John Milholland all the sweets of the promised land for his work. Milholland went to work, and so did a Committee of Thirty from the Union League. Platt threw the Milhollandites over at the first critical period, and made terms with the Committee of Thirty. They were tossed aside later, and the same party management as before remained in control, but Mr. Platt reaped the reward of renewed party effort.

THE ADVENT OF LAUTERBACH.

Then came the campaign of 1894 in New York city. At that time Mr. Platt simply did not dare to go it alone in politics. Public sentiment was so wrought up against Tammany Hall that he had to unite with other men against it. Mayor Strong asked State and County Chairman Brookfield into his "cabinet." It soon became evident that the Mayor was going to distribute offices in a sort of *pro rata* way. The Mayor had somewhat hazy ideas on the matter of non-partisanship. The Platt organization promptly sent two emissaries to the Mayor with a "demand" for all the spoils. The Mayor practically kicked them out of doors for their indecent behavior. Then there came an opportunity for Platt. He called in Edward Lauterbach to blow the bugle of spoils early and late, to harass and hetchel Mayor Strong, to receive rebuffs and send up loud wails of abuse, to lament the terrible short-sightedness of the Mayor. With a rush the "bone-hunters" rallied around Lauterbach, and Mr. Platt smiled as he thought of that solid delegation to the next Republican national convention. By a close vote Mr. Brookfield was deposed from the county chairmanship, and Mr. Lauterbach elected in his stead. That election was honest enough.

Soon it became evident that the Strong administration would prevail against the Plattites at the next year's party reorganization. Another Republican victory had come in 1895, not through "Divine Providence," but through "the matchless leadership" of Mr. Platt. It became necessary, however, to adopt sharp tactics in New York city to retain party control. Under Mr. Lauterbach's leadership there were adopted and carried out shameless frauds at the primaries. Thousands of Tammany men, many of them district leaders, were enrolled on the Republican party lists, and carried the day for Lauterbach. It aroused the indignation of thousands of the men Mr. Platt sneers at as "best citizens." They were men like Cornelius N. Bliss, now in McKinley's cabinet, Elihu Root, Joseph H. Choate, Wager Swayne—men who had always proclaimed that one of the cardinal principles of the Republican party was honesty in elections. Lauterbach won, and he continued to lift up his voice for spoils and disgusting methods. The Presidential election came on. For the sake of winning the national fight, men of honesty in the Republican ranks condoned these frauds, but they defeated Platt's dearest ambition, that of securing an undivided delegation to the Republican national convention. His opponents were for McKinley; he had to be for somebody else. McKinley won, and again the Secretaryship of the United States Treasury slipped away from Mr. Platt.

PLATT'S DESIRE TO BE GOVERNOR.

It was now that Mr. Platt faced one of the greatest crises in his career. A place in the cabinet was gone undoubtedly. He made no secret of the fact that he did not want to be United States Senator again (he had not very pleasant memories about that subject), and he practically decided to go before the people as a candidate for Governor. He foresaw a landslide in the East, and thought that he might slip into that office on it. The State convention met. There was no leading candidate for Governor. Platt sent for some of his chief lieutenants and said that he had discovered a great ground-swell impelling him toward the Governor's chair. Of course he didn't want the office, and he would rely on his subordinates to check this popular demand. To his surprise, they did check it. Jacob Worth has said that he told Mr. Platt that he couldn't be elected even in a tidal-wave year. But the most cruel blow of all was when State Senator John Raines—Raines, of all men—said to Platt:

"I tell you, Senator, you must not run. The party can't carry you."

Platt had to take the United States Senatorship, involving absence from the State at times when he would much prefer to be in New York. Lauterbach kept thrusting his partisanship and spoils ideas before the people continuously. He finally declared that it would be better that Tammany should win than that the Republicans should unite with the independents in selecting Greater New York's first Mayor. That finished up Lauterbach's work for Platt. He had accomplished all any man could be expected to accomplish. He had given his time, had rallied the boys, had spent his money, and finally had overshot the mark and had to retire. It is difficult to see what Lauterbach got out of the game, unless it was a mere passing notoriety. Quigg came in. His honeyed words soon gave way to threats when he found that the independent men of his party intended to lead and not follow the machine wagon in the present political campaign.

As to Mr. Platt's career in legislation, there are experts in matters pertaining to the making of laws who say that the legislation of the last decade will show, if an analysis is made, that Platt, when in complete or partial control of the State government, has always played into Tammany's hands if his own plans for machine government were blocked. Legislation affecting the political careers of Tammany men, legislation favorable to Tammany men's individual prosperity, legislation intended to strengthen Tammany in party control, has been passed most willingly by Republican votes, or, more strictly, by Platt votes.

RELENTLESS WAR ON INDEPENDENTS.

The chief effort of Mr. Platt to crush independent action in his party ranks came when the present election law, or Australian ballot law, was passed. It was made a contrivance for the perpetuation of the machine in politics. Independent voting was made not only expensive, but wearisome. An analysis of voting since that law went into effect shows that 97½ per cent. of the voters have voted straight party tickets. The act of voting independently has involved the possibility of making one's ballot void. There are men of the highest standing in New York State who will say that when the present ballot law was considered in the Legislature Democrats who were opposed to Tammany Hall went to Mr. Platt and begged him to make the law more liberal, so that men of independence might have an opportunity to vote as their consciences dictated. They wanted, undoubtedly, to build up an opposition local party of formidable proportions to Tammany Hall. Mr. Platt refused to aid them. It may not have been for any love of Tammany Hall. If he permitted an opposition to Tammany to be fostered through just legislation, there was no telling what might happen to his own party organization.

A serious attempt was made last winter to reform primary voting in this State. So long as the ballot law gave to party machines the ownership of certain columns on the blanket ballot, control of the primaries became essential to the spoilsmen. Several reform bills were introduced in the Legislature. Only one was passed. It prohibited any citizen from belonging to separate political organizations at the same time. Other bills giving the members of any party an undisputed right to belong to his party organization under just conditions were pigeonholed. The fraudulent primaries in the Lauterbach régime made it necessary to pass at least one bill.

An opportunity came to Mr. Platt that has seldom come to any political leader, when the Raines liquor law was framed. He had it in his power to take the liquor traffic out of politics entirely. He chose to take it out of politics only partly. For year after year it had been used by the Democratic machine as probably its most powerful ally. Mr. Platt could not resist the temptation to make some use of it for himself. He built up a system of State constables to draw salaries and "supervise" the traffic. Any person who has examined into the workings of the law knows that violations are permitted openly. It is easy to make a political arrangement with the large brewers, under the working of this law. The brewers, it is reported, were among the heaviest of Mr. Platt's campaign contributors last year. According to all accounts, he is in practical control of that influence now. Suppose that Tammany Hall should win in the present campaign, however, can any one doubt where the strength of the liquor element will go? Would it not have been more far-sighted in Mr. Platt to have drawn up legislation so effective that it would have prevented forever the use of the liquor interest against his party? Is temporary advantage better than perpetual freedom?

ALLEGED "BLACKMAIL OF CORPORATIONS."

It is known that Mr. Platt is sensitive to the charge that he and his machine thrive on political blackmail. He has not denied the most serious charges, however, in regard to such assertions. A man whose word stands for probity and high character through the United States has said that he knows that this conversation took place within a year in the office of one of the best-known corporations in New York:

Caller, to President of the Company: "I have come from Mr. Platt to ask you for a contribution to the campaign. Mr. Platt needs considerable money just now, and he is sure he can count on your generosity."

President of Company: "Certainly; we shall be glad to contribute." (Retires to a desk, and soon returns, bringing a check for $5000.) "Here is a check which we think is what might reasonably be expected of us."

Caller (looking at the check): "I won't take that. I want a check for twice that sum."

And in this case the messenger got it.

John Brooks Leavitt, in May of last year, had some correspondence with Mr. Platt on this subject of making corporations pay campaign expenses and the use of money in influencing legislation. Mr. Leavitt asked Mr. Platt if it was true that he received money from corporations for the influencing of legislation, and, if so, what Mr. Platt did with it. Mr. Platt replied that ordinarily he should regard such a letter as "impertinent, if not insulting." He then offered to meet Mr. Leavitt and have a talk with him about it, but that meeting has never occurred. Mr. Leavitt closed the incident by writing to Mr. Platt that he had wanted to ask Mr. Platt about a certain check for $30,000 drawn by a life-insurance company. Mr. Leavitt said to him:

"If the statements" (about the corrupt use of money) "are false, Mr. Platt is a wrongfully injured man, and should be vindicated. If the statements are true, Mr. Platt is a broker in bribery who converts the proceeds to his own use."

Here is a conversation that is said to have occurred in Mr. Platt's office within two years, and vouched for by a man of high standing in business and other circles, who says he knows that it is true:

Mr. Platt: "Mr. ——, I sent for you to say that I was very much surprised at your vote against that measure" (naming a well-known bill in the Legislature).

Assemblyman: "Senator, it was a bill that didn't commend itself to my best judgment."

Mr. Platt: "You remember that when you were running last fall I sent you a check to aid in your campaign expenses. I certainly expected to find you on the side of your friends."

Assemblyman: "It is true that I did receive a check from you, and a letter saying that you were taking an interest in my career and that you took pleasure in sending me a contribution. I did not think that you meant it for a bribe, or that in accepting it I gave away my political independence. I shall return that money as soon as I can raise it."

Those who have apologized for and who have tried to defend Mr. Platt's money methods in politics have made much of the declaration that personally he is honest. There seems to be no reason to doubt this assertion. No inconvenient questions as to "Where did you get it?" have ever been asked of Mr. Platt in the public prints, but it may be asked whether it is the part of wisdom for any political leader to put himself in a position where there may be even the slightest suspicion, just or unjust, as to his methods of money expenditure during campaigns or during legislative sessions.

PLATT'S REAL VIEWS ON PARTY INDEPENDENCE.

In an interview prepared and given out last May in Washington, Mr. Platt used these truthful words regarding the Republican voter:

"He is bitterly offended when he thinks that the public good is being sacrificed to the selfish schemes of individual party leaders, and he is particularly susceptible to appeals made in the name of good government."

Therein Mr. Platt wrote the secret of the present opposition to himself as a leader. The question is asked, what he will do in the present campaign? In the light of the past, that question is answered easily. He will do that which will advance Mr. Platt's interests most. If he can make more by endorsing actively or passively the candidacy of Seth Low for Mayor than by running a straight party ticket, he will endorse Mr. Low. He made Greater New York. All agree that he "jammed" the bill through. Party subordinates up the State warned him that if the Democrats secured control of the $75,000,000 patronage in the great city an overpowering influence would be at work against the party. Mr. Platt decided to take chances. He it was—there is no secret about it—who had the Mayor's term lengthened to four years in the new charter. That means control of the city's affairs during the next Presidential campaign for the side that wins this time. He is counting now on what the penalty is to be if he gives the victory to Tammany.

Is it correct to call a man a leader who alienates men of influence, men of wealth and of high reputation, from his party; who raises money for party purposes by questionable means; who sets up low ideals for success before young men; who links his name and fortunes with the spoils system; who puts personal advantage above party supremacy, and who, instead of drawing men to him and his party by advocacy of measures solely for the public good, so acts that he simply is the leader of a hungry band of professional "bone-hunters" in politics?

AMATEVR-SPORT

THE HARVARD ATHLETIC COMMITTEE, composed of faculty, alumni, and undergraduate members, has been time and again jeered by Yale and Princeton men, who, in true Pharisaic fervor, have ostentatiously beat themselves upon their breasts and called upon sportsmen to bear witness that they were not as other college athletes, faculty members, graduate advisers—needing elaborate committees to keep them in paths of athletic rectitude.

It seems that the Yale and Princeton athletic committees have their breast-beaters and their rule-beaters; one set stands on the house-tops expounding the ethics of sport, while the other set is busily at work downstairs planning a means to circumvent the good gentlemen on the roof.

This Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde athletic committee has caused some extraordinary inconsistencies at both Yale and Princeton in the last two years, and the faith sportsmen had in their good intentions is about toppling.

Dr. Jekyll, in the person of Professor Richards, Walter Camp, Professor Fine, Professor Woodrow Wilson, or Mr. C. C. Cuyler, has promised such and such reforms—and, lo! even while the tomtoms and cymbals are sounding on the house-tops, Mr. Hyde, in the person of a football or baseball or some other "immature and reckless" manager, sandbags and spirits away Dr. Jekyll—and we hear of him no more until after the playing season.

THERE IS PROBABLY NO ATHLETIC ILL against which Dr. Jekyll of Yale and Princeton has inveighed so repeatedly, or the discontinuance of which he has promised the world of amateur sport more earnestly, than preliminary football practice. He has laid bare its demoralizing influences and professionalizing tendencies with an expert and calculating hand. He vowed last winter that the institutions to whose athletic welfare he administered should not this season jeopard their health by making professionals of half the candidates for their football teams.

But on the first approach of the '97 football season at both Yale and Princeton in glides the familiar figure of Mr. Hyde in the guise of the football-manager. Again Dr. Jekyll falls out of sight through some trap-door conveniently provided by the hydra-headed committee—and, behold! Princeton football candidates disport themselves at Cape May, Yale candidates fall on the ball at Washington, and at other agreeable towns where nice spongy sward abounds—and the football associations of the colleges pay the bills.

Having regaled themselves at such resorts as best suits inclination and opportunity, Mr. Hyde and the candidates journey to the college campus, and there, still fed by the association, they put in two weeks more of preliminary practice. And there they are at the present writing.

We are prepared for the return of Dr. Jekyll on term opening, the last of the month, and for his "profound sorrow" on learning of the summer incursion of his double, Mr. Hyde.

SPORTSMEN WILL DECIDE at which university the committee works most efficaciously for the health of college sport. Yale and Princeton have publicly proclaimed abandonment of preliminary football practice—and have kept faith with neither their alumni nor their friends. They are more censurable than even Pennsylvania, which has never pretended to abandon this professional method of preparing its football candidates.

Harvard has made no public promises—but its candidates are taking no preliminary practice. It is the only one of the large universities—the sponsors of every one of which have shouted for "clean sport" to a deafening degree—to begin its football with the opening of term-time. Harvard, in fact, is the only clean-minded one of them all. Yale's indulgence in preliminary practice perhaps most offends college men—for Yale has violated the spirit of that broad-minded, sportsmanly agreement made last spring between Dr. William A. Brooks, of Harvard, and Walter Camp, of Yale.

If Yale and Princeton wish to retain the respect of the college world, they had best etherize Mr. Hyde.

AS FOR PRELIMINARY PRACTICE itself—nothing need be said. Its methods are known to sportsmen. The claim advanced that it inures the men to the hard work, and lessens accident in the opening games of the season, is mere moonshine—simply subterfuge. A letter from one of Pennsylvania's athletic-committee men, for example, says in effect that the Pennsylvania faculty thought it wise to give the men two weeks' preliminary work, so they might be fit for the games that occur *simultaneously with the opening of the term.* Provost Harrison and the Pennsylvania faculty could not, I suppose, have instructed the football-manager to schedule no games to be played until two weeks after the term began. It would be simple enough if Pennsylvania's faculty and alumni advisers, and Yale's and Princeton's, had really at heart the consideration for wholesome sport which one or two at each of the universities have, and to which the others pretend. If a majority in the Pennsylvania or Yale or Princeton faculty voted against preliminary practice, that would end it. Less parade of virtue through the newspapers, and more evidence of it in the council-chambers, will clear college sport of its present humbuggery and its Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde athletic committees.

All honor to Harvard! Her committee has revealed a sound head and a clean heart.

IF THEIR IDEAS OF FINANCE have been as muddled as their ideas on the ethics of amateur sport, there is no occasion for wonderment in the financial distress of the Olympic Athletic Club under the guidance of its present president and Board of Directors.

If the club will elect to its directory men whose doctrines of amateur sport are sound and wholesome, perhaps it may pass the present crisis in safety. There are three men in San Francisco whom the Olympic A. C. needs as its president, vice-president, and secretary—William Greer Harrison, William F. Humphrey, and John Elliott.

WHATEVER THE CAUSE MAY BE, this fact is incontrovertible—that there is marked laxity in visiting punishment upon erring athletes. It may be for want of courage or from lack of genuine desire on the part of governing and responsible officials—let sportsmen judge. But be the cause what it may, the rules the Amateur Athletic Union has made for the protection of amateurs and the detection of those who masquerade as amateurs in games held under its auspices, are not employed to the effective limit of their power.

Every now and again a reform panic seizes upon the Board of Governors, and the meeting which follows is productive of abundant detail work and much good resolution. All the while it is perfectly obvious to sportsmen that insufficiency or inefficiency of rules has never been a cause for complaint. The rules of the A. A. U., both in number and in quality, have usually been ample to guard athletics from the ravages of dishonest athletes. Nevertheless, activity in rule making has continued.

Last spring one of these periodical mollifying contributions to official qualms resulted in another rule-revising assembly. New York was the scene, and so apparently sincere were the delegates in their avowed purpose to rid athletics of its pestilential parasites, that some of us accepted the promises in confidence, and have awaited their fulfilment.

WE HAVE WAITED IN PATIENCE. Meantime the Intercollegiate, the Metropolitan, and the National Athletic championships have been decided without the expected fulfilment, although the official body of the A.A.U. had thrust into its possession abundant proof to disqualify at least one man, and its individual members had evidence enough to disqualify others.

It should be remembered that the A.A.U. is empowered to suspend an athlete on suspicion, and throw upon him the full burden of proof.

Having now, therefore, abandoned hope of the A.A.U. acting upon the information officially in hand, and unofficially known to the members of its Board of Governors, I appeal, in the interest of honest amateur sport, to the Inter-collegiate Athletic Association and to the Young Men's Christian Association to disqualify B. J. Wefers, New York Athletic Club, and the Rev. Theodore B. Turner, New York Athletic Club, and to forbid the individual members of their respective organizations from competing in games for which the entry of John Cosgrave, New Jersey Athletic Club, is accepted. All these men are in good standing with the Amateur Athletic Union. What follows is mere outline of complete, detailed, and corroborated information which is in my possession.

W. ROSSITER BETTS.

TURNER is the ex-Princeton middle-distance runner, who is now the college and visiting secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and an ordained minister of the gospel. He spent several years at Princeton, and is familiar with the spirit as well as the written letter of the amateur law. At the Iowa State Firemen's meet, held at Iowa City, Iowa, in last June, Turner, as a member of Corning (Iowa) Hose Team, competed in and won a 300-yard race in 31 s. for "Leaders," the prize being twenty dollars cash; the others in the same race were Louis Thompson, Grinnell, Iowa (second, $15); James Kelly, Harlan, Iowa (third, $10); and James Ellis, Marshalltown, Iowa.

John Cosgrave is the Albany (New York) athlete, one-time member of the Ridgefield Athletic Club, but whose services the New Jersey Athletic Club enlisted for its dual games with the Knickerbocker Athletic Club some weeks ago, and forthwith elected him to membership. On Labor day, 1895, a Roman Catholic Sodality of Hudson (New York) held a set of athletic games; the prizes offered were various sums of money, the games were not registered by the A. A. U., and two locally well-known professionals of Cohoes competed. "John Cosgriff" competed in these games and won several events. In the same month Cosgrave ran on the Lafayette Hose Team of Valatie. This summer he is reported as competing in the unregistered St. Bridget games at Albany.

SUSPICION HAS ATTACHED to the amateur status of B. J. Wefers almost from the beginning of the startling running which signalized his début as a member of the New York Athletic Club. There has been good foundation for the belief that Wefers, wonderful sprinter that he is, was, to quote the accepted vernacular, "out for all there is in the game." His brilliant achievements on the track made him justly famous, and provincial clubs besought his entry for their games because it attracted spectators. That they besought not in vain, provided the allowance for "expenses" was liberal, there is ample evidence forthcoming.

One example, by way of illustration, will suffice to suggest the method, though in this case cited (which I pick more especially to indicate and commend the wholesome amateur spirit of Mr. James S. Aborn), the scheme did not work. The Worcester Athletic Club wished to get Wefers for its Fourth of July ('96) games. Mr. Aborn addressed a letter to Wefers at Georgetown University, and at his home, Lawrence, Massachusetts. To these letters no reply came for a long time, until one day James A. Wefers, B. J. Wefers's brother, walked into Mr. Aborn's office, made himself known as B. J.'s brother, opened the conversation by alluding to the Worcester A. C.'s wish to have his brother run. The following dialogue ensued:

"Of course you know that Bernie can't receive any money for this, but how much is it worth to you for me to use my influence with him to get him to come. I am his manager, and of course he won't come unless I say so"

"Wefers, I don't understand this sort of business. I am new in the amateur athletic line, and would like you to state just what you mean. Is it money you want, and how much of it?"

"You know what you can afford to pay, as you know what the attendance will be, and how strong a card Bernie will be."

Upon being asked what they were in the habit of getting, Wefers the "manager" said, "anywhere from $150 to $250," and that they already had an offer to go to Manchester, New Hampshire, on that same day which would net them $150. Mr. Aborn told Wefers (manager) that if that was the sort of business they were following, he wanted no connection with it or with such an amateur.

This æsthetic tidbit of amateur athletics under the indulgent hand of the Amateur Athletic Union serves to attract our attention to Manager James A. Wefers, who flits across the athletic horoscope of his famous brother to profitable if professionalizing effect. I am not informed whether brother James concluded the negotiations which eventuated in B. J. Wefers's enrolment at Georgetown University, but if not, it goes to prove that all the commercial astuteness of the Wefers family is not confined to brother James, sole manager and lessee of the "only champion."

THERE WAS ONE OCCASION, however, on which even the combined cunning and sagacity of the brothers Wefers, together with an advance agent, netted only $58 75, and sprung the trap which disclosed the "amateur."

On June 27, 1896, the Suffolk Athletic Club gave a set of games at Glen Forest, Lawrence, Massachusetts, for which B. J. Wefers had been liberally advertised as the record-breaking star. The Suffolk Club at that time was under A. A. U. suspicion, and after these games it dissolved. It was one of those proprietary boxing clubs of which the A. A. U. membership included many before "Father Bill" Curtis exposed them, and was run by two or three men as a business enterprise.

A representative of the Suffolk Club, in recognition of the Wefers brothers' commercial discernment, and with an eye to mutual profit, approached B. J. Wefers on the subject of his running at the games, and solicited an exchange of ideas on the terms, etc. Here was evidently too momentous a deal to be handled by one manager, even though he be so diligent a worker as brother James. So B. J. in a letter, perfectly clear of meaning if picturesque in expression, enclosed the card of a friend in business at Lawrence, assuring the Suffolk representative that he could "fix it" with the Lawrence friend, who was "O K."

Well—they fixed it, the arrangement being made between the Lawrence man, Wefers representative of his own appointing, and the Suffolk Club representative who originally approached Wefers, the agreement stipulating that Wefers was to receive twenty-five per cent. of the net receipts of the games. Subsequently the Suffolk representative offered Wefers's representative twenty-five per cent. of the Suffolk Club's share if he (Wefers's representative) would work up interest in the games at Lawrence and thereabouts.

SO THE DAY CAME AND THE GAMES WERE HELD, and Wefers's Lawrence friend was in the box-office where the tickets were sold, and another friend of the champion "amateur" sprinter stood by the man at the gate who took the tickets. Obviously brother James, sole manager and lessee, knew his business.

When the games were over, the representatives of the Suffolk Club and of B. J. Wefers repaired to a room (rented for this especial occasion) in the Essex House, and there proceeded to cast up accounts, while some half-dozen mutual friends remained in the same room smoking and talking. The display of the gate receipts was not impressive, and brother James voiced his disappointment by saying, "there was not enough in it for Bernie to bother with." And for the second time in this recital brother James gave evidence of knowing his business, for when the reckoning was done the figures showed $636 as having been taken in at the box-office for tickets, while the expenses of the games, first and last, footed $518 45, leaving the net profit of the meeting $117 55. This gave $58 75 to the Suffolk Club and the same amount to Wefers and his representative, the latter telling the Suffolk representative that as the profit was so small he would "turn over his share to Bernie."

The cash was not actually divided that night, because Wefers's representative had out some tickets from which he had not heard; but the following week the accounting was completed, the outstanding tickets making no material change in the sum, and another representative of the Suffolk Club gave to Wefers's representative his (Wefers's) share of the net proceeds.

THIS IS UNPLEASANT BUSINESS, this digging into the athletic mire. I have not approached it without hesitation. But the officials of our amateur athletic governing bodies seem to have too many conflicting interests, and it is left for outside sportsmen to guard the cause of healthful sport. So long as an athlete is a drawing card for club games he seems to stand in no fear of molestation from the A. A. U. officials. And so long as the dominating power in a branch association is friendly to the officials of the A. A. U., their clubs, it appears, may sin with impunity. Witness the disgusting boxing scandals in Detroit, which were permitted to go uninvestigated and the clubs unpunished. Detroit is of the Central Association, and its officials are loyal confrères of the A. A. U. governors.

There is no evidence of an earnest, disinterested desire to keep our athletics clean and honest which should characterize the body responsible for club athletics in the United States. It has long been so, and the A. A. U. and the quality of the athletics it governs have been steadily deteriorating for the last ten years. Some day it will be superseded by a body whose interest in amateur sport is genuine and unselfish. Meantime I am convinced that the A. A. U. is recreant to its trust.

THE FATE OF THE A. A. U., however, does not disturb me. Subsidized reporters will continue to sound its trumpet, and plastic club officials continue to do its bidding at the polls; but it will run its course. What does concern us all is the health of college athletics. On their purity rest all our hopes of wholesome American sport, and for their purity every American should use his best endeavors; and this suggests the thought of how very seldom in making my investigations do I enlist the assistance of men identified with amateur athletics. The average man has either an axe to grind or he is a coward—and that average is high in amateur athletics. Here and there is a faculty member at our universities who has neither an axe nor is a coward. Perhaps we shall find others equally courageous in the good cause. Meantime we shall disclose at least some of the dishonest amateur athletes.

There is another side to this question—that of expenses demanded and received by athletes from clubs. Those college men—members of the N. Y. A. C.—who have been going the circuit this summer—not at their own expense—and some others on my list, are hereby warned.

Will Messrs. E. E. Babb and James E. Morse, president and vice-president of the New England Association of the Amateur Athletic Union, and two men of the A. A. U. whom we believe to be imbued with the spirit of sport for sport's sake demand a list of expenses of the Knights of Columbus games held September 4, in Boston; also of the Building Trades Council games, held September 6. It is within the province of the N. E. A. A. A. U. to insist on seeing such a statement.

A series of surprises has been the habitual result of play in the Canadian lawn-tennis tournaments, which every year follow the national championships of Newport, and this season seems to have been no exception. The entries usually comprise the pick of our second-class men, who are invariably successful against such Canadians as they meet, and the play gives us the best opportunity of the year for determining upon their relative positions. This year, however, the upsets in some cases amount to such startling reversal of form that the results can hardly be relied upon as a basis for comparative final estimates. But at least we may accept with confidence the evidence that bespeaks the increasing strength of J. D. Forbes and W. S. Bond. The former made an excellent record during the early part of this season, among other creditable performances, beating Budlong at Longwood. He met Larned and defeat at Newport before he had hardly got started in the tournament—in the second round, to be accurate. Bond is the Western player who for several years has been prominent in the tournaments held in and about Chicago and Minneapolis.

The first considerable surprise of what may be called the supplementary season was supplied by Bond's beating L. E. Ware, in the open singles, two sets out of three, at Niagara, Ontario, and Forbes (owe 30) quickly followed it up in the handicap singles by winning from Fischer (owe ½ 40) in straight sets. Fischer's defeat was somewhat accounted for by the hard match he had played with Budlong in the morning of the same day, and which he won only after three sets of tiring play, as may be judged by the score, 6–2, 4–6, 15–13. He was certainly too worn out to do himself justice against Forbes.

No such excuse seems to have been pertinent to Ware's defeat, and Bond's subsequent performances proved his good play to be no fluke. He met M. D. Whitman in the Niagara final round of the open singles (after Whitman had beaten Fischer, 6–3, 3–7, 6–2, in the semi-finals), and defeated him, 7–9, 6–2, 3–6, 6–3, 6–2, playing a particularly strong net game.

Further bewildering results were furnished by the Toronto Athletic Club tournament, the semi-final round of which furnished a defeat of Whitman by Forbes, 6–3, 6–4. Fischer, however, enjoyed a partial return to form, which gave him a victory over Ware, 2–6, 6–3, 6–3, and in the final round yielded also the satisfaction of a triumph over Forbes (7–5, 6–3, 6–1), his erstwhile conqueror. But the handicap singles signalized Fischer's return to the list of the vanquished, Whitman, with the same handicap—*i.e.*, half-forty—beating him, 6–4, 3–6, 9–7. Whitman's triumph was short lived, however, for in the final return Budlong (owe 30) beat him, 8–6, 1–6, 6–3, 7–9, 6–4. Taking Whitman's splendid work at Newport as a criterion of his possibilities, it must be admitted that his Canadian work has been very inferior. Fischer, all through '97, has been considerably below his '96 form; and Ware, except for his play in the championship doubles at Newport and in the Canadian championship in the early part of the season, has not equalled his last year's work. This, however, is not to lessen any of the credit due Forbes and Bond, who have shown consistent and increasing good play. This is especially true of Forbes, who last week defeated H. Ward in the finals of the Orange Club tournament, and then brilliantly crowned his '97 work by beating Paret in the challenge round, showing form that promises in another season to put him permanently ahead of his more experienced opponent.

The disapproval visited upon resort-hotel baseball-players appears to have been extended also to hotel tennis tournaments. Gratifying evidence of the new and healthful sentiment is furnished by the fact that a number of them were abandoned this season, and not one was entirely successful, from the point of view of attracting first-class or any class entries, from afar. The devotion to golf is partially responsible for this decrease in the number of hotel tennis performers, but the foundation for the change is furnished by the growing intolerance of deceit and impurity in amateur sport and the increasing desire for wholesome and manly athletic endeavor.

Westchester defeated Rockaway, 6¾ to 5 goals, on Saturday in the opening match of the championship series, but by no means revealed the superiority expected of it. In fact, at the end of the second period the score stood 4 goals to 3½ in Rockaway's favor, and 5½ minutes of the third and last period had elapsed before Stevens made the goal which for the first time gave Westchester the lead. There was never a time from first to last when Rockaway was not decidedly "in the game," and at all times its team-play was unquestionably the better. It began aggressively, getting two goals in the first period almost before Westchester realized it, and maintained the same kind of play to the very end. Rockaway's team-work was most commendable, and the showing it made, after being apparently crippled hopelessly within two weeks of the tournament, reflects great credit upon the men and the club they represented. They all played well. Hazard's game was, for one of his modest polo attainments, really notable, and the driving of A. Francke, and particularly of Conover, is not often excelled even in championship tournaments.

But for the brilliant results of Stevens's and Cowdin's extraordinary efforts Westchester would have been literally routed. Most of the time Westchester had practically three men in the game, and some of the time only two. Beeckman, who occupied the position of back (in place of L. Waterbury, whom sickness prevented playing), did the best he knew how, and it seems unfair, therefore, to criticise; but a frank record of the match impels the statement that he was no material help to his side, although once, it is true, he did stop a Rockaway drive for goal. Waterbury was not a consistently valuable factor; when he played well, he played very well; but on a great many occasions, in the first and second periods, he did not show as much knowledge of position or skill on the ball as we should expect from even a two-goal man. He missed in his swings when it meant much to his side. In the third period his form improved. Westchester earned 8 goals, made 3 safeties (¼ goal each), and was penalized ½ goal for foul riding; Rockaway earned 5 goals.

Myopia's withdrawal, on account of death in the family of one of its players, now brings Westchester and Meadow Brook together next Wednesday for the championship. Such a game as Westchester exhibited on Saturday certainly cannot defeat Meadow Brook. Indeed, I am doubtful if the present Westchester combination, even at its best, has it in it to beat W. C. Eustis, Whitney, Hitchcock, and Nicoll, and Meadow Brook now seems the most likely winner of the '97 championship. Westchester has not made the most of its opportunity.

If the resignation of the Vesper Club from the National Association is, as reported, to be attributed to the Association's refusal to reinstate Edwin Hedley, then must we withdraw our good opinion and respect of the Vesper Club, and of any other Philadelphia club that follows the Vesper's lead.

Hedley was justly disqualified, and is rightly denied reinstatement; for his was a deliberate offence. He sold his medals, and then lied about it afterwards on examination.

Caspar Whitney.

THE GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY H. J. WHIGHAM, CHAMPION '96 AND '97.

The contest for the amateur championship last week was full of surprises. It was expected, of course, that the local players would have a decided advantage upon their own links. But of the Eastern players, Douglas was the only one who lived up to expectations by getting into the semi-finals. Betts has a good record both at college and at Shinnecock, yet it was thought apparently that youth was against him, for before the tournament began he was hardly mentioned as a possible winner. Of the old guard, Tyng and Fenn were certainly the favorites, and their defeat at an early stage of the game requires explanation. The truth of the matter is that neither of them shows any great improvement upon his last year's form, except in the matter of steadiness. They succeeded in qualifying, and must, therefore, be ranked in the first class of American players, and their performance bears out the truth of a theory which I have endeavored to prove elsewhere, to the effect that players who begin the game comparatively late in life should never strive to cultivate a long swing. Fenn, in particular, uses very little more than a half-stroke, and yet he is very seldom outdriven to any appreciable extent. Tyng's swing is rather longer and has something of a break in the backward movement; but he, like Fenn, depends upon a straight follow through and drives a long ball.

His fault lies chiefly in the slowness of his play. I have not a shadow of a doubt that his excessive carefulness defeats its own ends. It must be remembered that the only difference between a first-class and a second-class player is to be found in the fact that the former can generally do himself justice on important occasions; the latter invariably falls short of what he is pleased to call his form. The longer a man thinks about any particular shot the more likely he is to miss, because he fails to give his muscles free play. That this is true can hardly be doubted when we consider that among the first-class players abroad there is hardly one who does not address his ball with lightning rapidity in comparison with one or two of our American cracks. It is very necessary, therefore, to point out the danger of undue deliberation to some of the young men who are coming to the front with rapid strides, and apparently consider that the excellence of their play may be gauged by the length of time they require to make the circuit of the links.

Keene is another of the American golfers who, beginning the game at an age when the muscles are set, have not been inveigled by a professional teacher into employing the contortions of a ready-made St. Andrews swing. He was not so fortunate as to qualify for a place among the first sixteen, but he plays a remarkably pretty game, which ought to improve in the course of the next few years. He drives a low, straight ball, and his long approach shot is his strongest point.

But it is to the college boys and their juniors that we must look for our future champions. The older players will improve, undoubtedly, but they can hardly expect to attain a form which would place them in the first rank abroad. For that reason it was rather disappointing that more of the college players did not put in an appearance in Chicago. Terry, Bayard, Waterbury, and the Havemeyers were missed from the entries, and Walter Smith, who was a strong favorite in the West, was distinctly off his game. Reid and Betts, however, bravely upheld the honor of the younger contingent. Both of them were pitted against Macdonald, and both came off with flying colors, although Reid just failed to maintain his lead up to the finish. Neither of them is as yet in Macdonald's class, but finding the captain of the Chicago Golf Club at his worst, they took advantage of their opportunities, and between them spoiled his chances of victory. Probably if Macdonald had not been forced to play an almost superhuman game in order to defeat Reid and Stewart, he would not have fallen a victim to Betts in the semi-finals. But that ought not to detract from the credit due to the Shinnecock player for the strong nerve and sound judgment he displayed throughout the match. His style is certainly the prettiest that was seen among the Eastern contestants, and he never lost a point by over-cautiousness. On the contrary, he took all the chances and came out with flying colors. He is a steady driver, with an inclination to get the ball too high in the air, a fault which might be corrected by playing rather less off the left leg. His approach shot is good, and he showed particular skill in the use of his wooden putter. One point is worthy of mention in justice to him, in view of a certain feeling which seemed to be prevalent on account of his professional adviser. It is an open question, of course, whether the best interests of the game are subserved by employing a skilled professional to act as caddie and give advice with regard to the line of a putt and other similar matters. The fact remains, however, that this is a custom which has obtained abroad from time immemorial, and no player can be blamed for taking advantage of it any more than he would be for profiting by a fortunate stymie.

It spoke exceedingly well for the prowess of the college boys that Betts should have made his way into the finals and that Reid should have run Macdonald so close, and next year we may expect to see at least four members of the Yale team among the first sixteen. Harriman's victory over Tyng was somewhat unexpected, although the Knollwood man had the reputation of being a brilliant player. He also has adopted the short swing which is characteristic of the best American, players. That he loses nothing in distance by doing so is proved by the fact that he won the long-driving competition with a carry and roll of 240 yards. He gets most of his power from the forearm and is strong with all his clubs, although naturally unsteady. There were six Scotch players out of the sixteen that qualified, and in no case was any one of them defeated by an American except when Macdonald succumbed to Betts. That proved nothing, however, for Macdonald at no time during the tournament played within four strokes of his ordinary game. The fact remains, therefore, that the native talent is not yet strong enough to compete with Scotch form and experience. Stewart and Douglas on their past form were certainly capable of beating any American player in the field; and Coats, in view of the game he played in the first two rounds, must be ranked with them. He is certainly not so strong a driver as Douglas, but he is both steadier and straighter. In that respect he strongly resembles Stewart, whose form is not exactly fashioned after the accepted Scotch style, but is marked by ease and accuracy.

Now it is perfectly certain that on many of the Eastern courses Tyng or Fenn or Harriman might play any one of the Scotchmen and administer a sound defeat; and yet in the open tournament it is equally certain that form will tell and the Scotchman will win. There are two reasons for the apparent contradiction. In the first place, the American style is at present not a natural but an acquired habit, and it is almost certain to fail when the pressure becomes stronger than usual. In the second place, very few of the American players have learned to play the long approach shot to the green, for the very simple reason that it is so seldom required on American courses. On a course like that of the Chicago Golf Club at Wheaton the second shot in fourteen holes out of the eighteen varies from a full brassie shot to a long iron approach, and the least error in the drive or in the second shot will cost the player a stroke. On the shorter courses a missed drive is often as good as better, and the second is little more than a wrist shot or a long putt. The physical exertion is only half as great, and the punishment for inaccuracy is far less severe. We have been playing golf for more than five years in America, and have not succeeded in developing a single first-class player, and these two reasons must be taken to account for this curious failing. The courses are being vastly improved all over the country now, but in the mean time the mischief has been done, and we shall probably have to wait two or three years more until the new style of golf has taken effect and the college boys have gained in experience, before we can hope to compete with the best players abroad. With regard to the tournament as a whole its success was acknowledged on all sides to be unprecedented.

The Eastern men generously consented to travel 1000 miles to play at Wheaton, and it is gratifying to feel that they were not disappointed. They certainly showed a sporting spirit which did them credit, and in return they have doubtless learned a good deal which may be of use to them in the future when they come to lay out new golf links. One mistake was apparent, and that was the combination of the open and amateur events in the same week. Up to the present time the professional element in this country has been so small that very little interest has been taken in the competition for the open championship. The field this year, however, was so much larger that it seems unfair to give the event so little prominence. It is doubly unfair, moreover, to the amateurs who wish to compete with the professionals. They are forced to play 36 holes by score at the end of a most arduous week, and it is physically impossible for them to do themselves justice. Next year the two events should certainly be separated, and in order to eliminate the element of luck the open championship should be extended over two days, and 72 holes should be played. This year Lloyd was undoubtedly worthy of his victory. Yet Anderson's 79 in the morning was a wonderfully fine performance for so young a player. He is strong at every point of the game, and would have won first place with great ease if he could have held his game up to the finish. As it was, he would have stood a good chance to win if Lloyd had not performed the remarkable feat of securing the eighteenth hole, which measures considerably over 400 yards, in three strokes. There were two points involving the rules of golf which threatened to disturb the even tenor of the game, for in both cases the disputed point came within an ace of making the result uncertain. In spite of the care with which the rules of golf have been annotated by the executive committee, disputes must from time to time arise, especially where they are occasioned by the local rules of the green. One case was a typical one, and is a fit subject for a general ruling. A player drove out of bounds, and instead of dropping a ball, according to rule, he teed it. The mistake was not discovered until the hole was played out. What is the penalty? Obviously he has taken an undue advantage; but ought not the objection to be raised before he plays? There is a question for the executive committee to decide, for it is one which may easily arise on future occasions.

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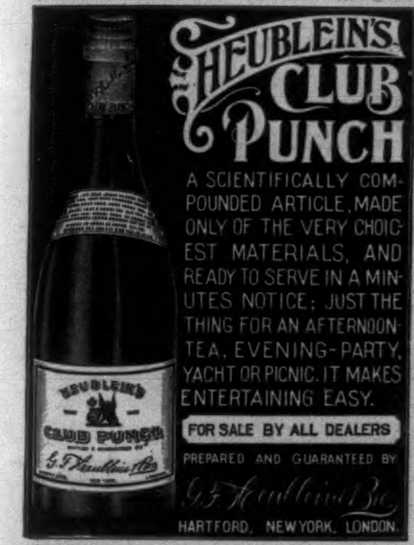

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